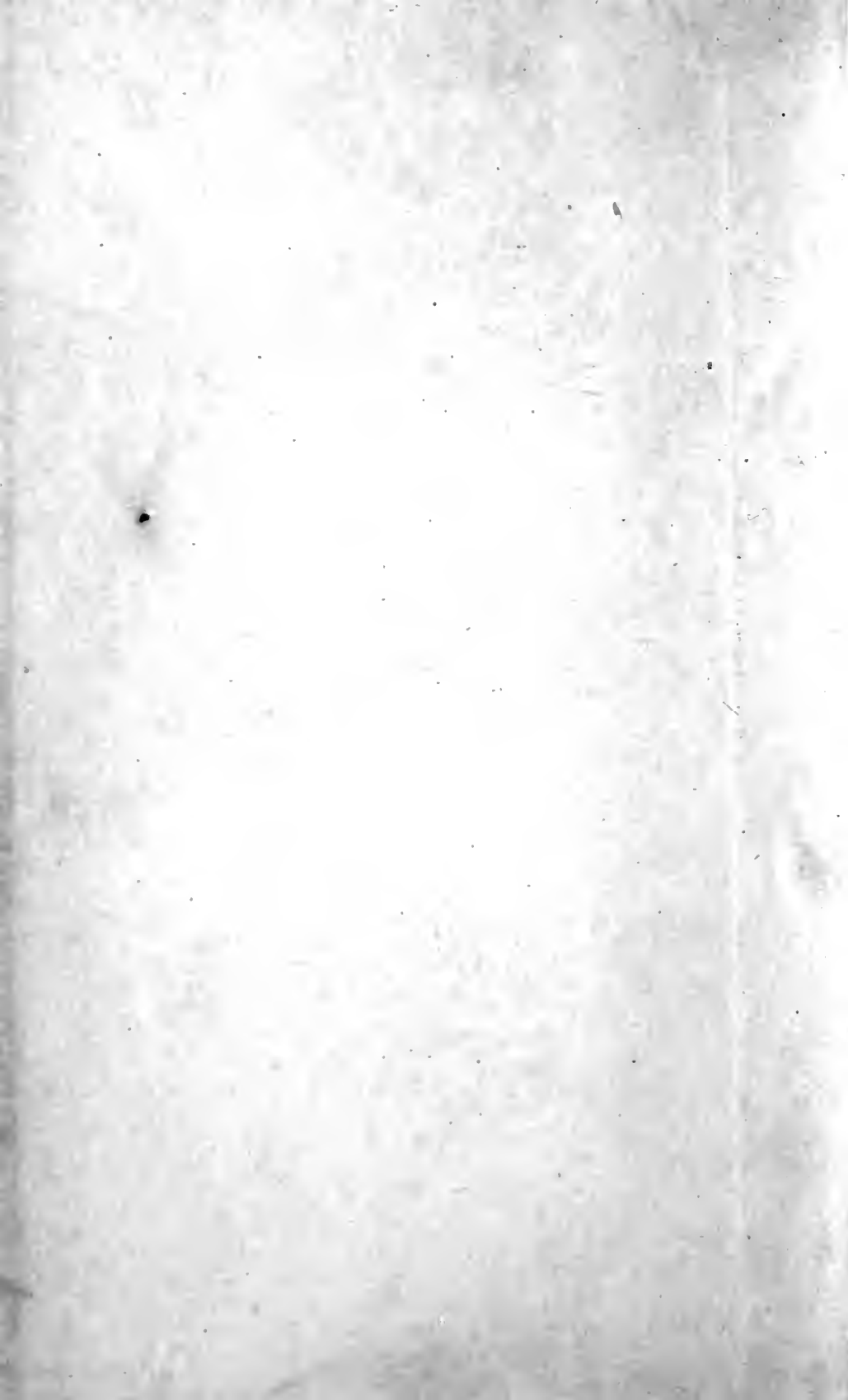




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# THIRTY POEMS

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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## TO THE READER.

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THE author has attempted no other classification of the poems in this volume than that of allowing them to follow each other according to the order of time in which they were written. It has seemed to him that this arrangement is as satisfactory as any other, since, at different periods of life, an author's style and habits of thought may be supposed to undergo very considerable modifications. One poem

forms an exception to this order of succession, and should have appeared in an earlier collection. Three others have already appeared in an illustrated edition of the author's poems.

NEW YORK, *December*, 1863.



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POEMS.

Small  
copy of  
the

## THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE.

. Come, let us plant the apple tree.  
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;  
Wide let its hollow bed be made;  
There gently lay the roots, and there  
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,  
    And press it o'er them tenderly,  
As, round the sleeping infant's feet  
We softly fold the cradle sheet;  
    So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?  
Buds, which the breath of summer days  
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;

Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,  
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest ;

We plant, upon the sunny lea,  
A shadow for the noontide hour,  
A shelter from the summer shower,  
When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree ?  
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,  
To load the May-wind's restless wings,  
When, from the orchard row, he pours  
Its fragrance through our open doors ;

A world of blossoms for the bee,  
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,  
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,  
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree ?  
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,  
And redden in the August noon,

And drop, when gentle airs come by,  
 That fan the blue September sky,  
 While children come, with cries of glee,  
 And seek them where the fragrant grass  
 Betrays their bed to those who pass,  
 At the foot of the apple tree.

And when, above this apple tree,  
 The winter stars are quivering bright,  
 And winds go howling through the night,  
 Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,  
 Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,  
 And guests in prouder homes shall see,  
 Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine,  
 And golden orange of the line,  
 The fruit of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree  
 Winds, and our flag of stripe and star  
 Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,

Where men shall wonder at the view,  
And ask in what fair groves they grew ;  
And sojourners beyond the sea  
Shall think of childhood's careless day,  
And long, long hours of summer play,  
In the shade of the apple tree.

Each year shall give this apple tree  
A broader flush of roseate bloom,  
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,  
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,  
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we  
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,  
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,  
In the boughs of the apple tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree.  
Oh, when its aged branches throw  
Thin shadows on the ground below,



Shall fraud and force and iron will  
Oppress the weak and helpless still ?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,  
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears  
Of those who live when length of years,  
Is wasting this apple tree ?

“ Who planted this old apple tree ? ”  
The children of that distant day  
Thus to some aged man shall say ;  
And gazing on its mossy stem,  
The gray-haired man shall answer them :

“ A poet of the land was he,  
Born in the rude but good old times ;  
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes  
On planting the apple tree.”

## THE SNOW-SHOWER.

STAND here by my side and turn, I pray,  
On the lake below thy gentle eyes ;  
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,  
And dark and silent the water lies ;  
And out of that frozen mist the snow  
In wavering flakes begins to flow ;  
Flake after flake,  
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come  
From the chambers beyond that misty veil ;  
Some hover awhile in air, and some  
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.

All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,  
Meet, and are still in the depths below ;  
                    Flake after flake  
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud,  
Come floating downward in airy play,  
Like spangles dropped from the glistening  
                    crowd  
That whiten by night the milky way ;  
There broader and burlier masses fall ;  
The sullen water buries them all—  
                    Flake after flake—  
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide  
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,  
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,  
Come clinging along their unsteady way ;

As friend with friend, or husband with wife  
Makes hand in hand the passage of life ;  
Each mated flake  
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo ! while we are gazing, in swifter haste  
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,  
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,  
They fling themselves from their shadowy  
height.  
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,  
What speed they make, with their grave so  
nigh ;  
Flake after flake,  
To lie in the dark and silent lake !

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear ;  
They turn to me in sorrowful thought ;  
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,  
Who were for a time and now are not ;

Like these fair children of cloud and frost,  
That glisten a moment and then are lost,  
                    Flake after flake—  
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide ;  
    A gleam of blue on the water lies ;  
And far away, on the mountain-side,  
    A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.  
But the hurrying host that flew between  
The cloud and the water, no more is seen ;  
                    Flake after flake,  
At rest in the dark and silent lake.

## A RAIN DREAM.

THESE strifes, these tumults of the noisy world,  
Where Fraud, the coward, tracks his prey by  
stealth,  
And Strength, the ruffian, glories in his guilt,  
Oppress the heart with sadness. Oh, my friend,  
In what serener mood we look upon  
The gloomiest aspects of the elements  
Among the woods and fields! Let us awhile,  
As the slow wind is rolling up the storm,  
In fancy leave this maze of dusty streets,  
For ever shaken by the importunate jar  
Of commerce, and upon the darkening air  
Look from the shelter of our rural home.

Who is not awed that listens to the Rain,  
Sending his voice before him ? Mighty Rain !  
The upland steeps are shrouded by thy mists ;  
Thy shadow fills the hollow vale ; the pools  
No longer glimmer, and the silvery streams  
Darken to veins of lead at thy approach.  
Oh, mighty Rain ! already thou art here ;  
And every roof is beaten by thy streams,  
And, as thou passest, every glassy spring  
Grows rough, and every leaf in all the woods  
Is struck, and quivers. All the hill-tops slake  
Their thirst from thee ; a thousand languishing  
fields,

A thousand fainting gardens, are refreshed ;  
A thousand idle rivulets start to speed,  
And with the graver murmur of the storm  
Blend their light voices as they hurry on.

Thou fill'st the circle of the atmosphere  
Alone ; there is no living thing abroad,  
No bird to wing the air nor beast to walk  
The field : the squirrel in the forest seeks

His hollow tree ; the marmot of the field  
Has scampered to his den : the butterfly  
Hides under her broad leaf ; the insect crowds  
That made the sunshine populous, lie close  
In their mysterious shelters, whence the sun  
Will summon them again. The mighty Rain  
Holds the vast empire of the sky alone.

I shut my eyes, and see, as in a dream,  
The friendly clouds drop down spring violets  
And summer columbines, and all the flowers  
That tuft the woodland floor, or overarch  
The streamlet :—spiky grass for genial June,  
Brown harvests for the waiting husbandman,  
And for the woods a deluge of fresh leaves.

I see these myriad drops that slake the dust,  
Gathered in glorious streams, or rolling blue  
In billows on the lake or on the deep  
And bearing navies. I behold them change  
To threads of crystal as they sink in earth  
And leave its stains behind, to rise again  
In pleasant nooks of verdure, where the child,



Thirsty with play, in both his little hands  
Shall take the cool, clear water, raising it  
To wet his pretty lips. To-morrow noon  
How proudly will the water-lily ride  
The brimming pool, o'erlooking, like a queen,  
Her circle of broad leaves. In lonely wastes,  
When next the sunshine makes them beautiful,  
Gay troops of butterflies shall light to drink  
At the replenished hollows of the rock.

Now slowly falls the dull blank night, and  
still,

All through the starless hours, the mighty Rain  
Smites with perpetual sound the forest leaves,  
And beats the matted grass, and still the earth  
Drinks the unstinted bounty of the clouds—  
Drinks for her cottage wells, her woodland  
brooks—

Drinks for the springing trout, the toiling bee  
And brooding bird—drinks for her tender  
flowers,

Tall oaks, and all the herbage of her hills.

A melancholy sound is in the air,  
A deep sigh in the distance, a shrill wail  
Around my dwelling. 'Tis the wind of night ;  
A lonely wanderer between earth and cloud,  
In the black shadow and the chilly mist,  
Along the streaming mountain side, and  
through  
The dripping woods, and o'er the plashy fields,  
Roaming and sorrowing still, like one who  
makes  
The journey of life alone, and nowhere meets  
A welcome or a friend, and still goes on  
In darkness. Yet awhile, a little while,  
And he shall toss the glittering leaves in play,  
And dally with the flowers, and gaily lift  
The slender herbs, pressed low by weight of  
rain,  
And drive, in joyous triumph, through the sky,  
White clouds, the laggard remnants of the  
storm.

## ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on briar and weed,  
Near to the nest of his little dame,  
Over the mountain-side or mead,  
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,  
Hidden among the summer flowers.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,  
Wearing a bright black wedding coat ;  
White are his shoulders and white his crest,  
Hear him call in his merry note :

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,  
Sure there was never a bird so fine.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,  
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,  
Passing at home a patient life,  
Broods in the grass while her husband sings :  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear  
Thieves and robbers while I am here.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;  
One weak chirp is her only note.  
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,  
Pouring boasts from his little throat :

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Never was I afraid of man ;  
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,  
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !  
There as the mother sits all day,  
Robert is singing with all his might :  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Nice, good wife, that never goes out,  
Keeping house while I frolic about.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell  
Six wide mouths are open for food ;  
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,  
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
This new life is likely to be  
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made  
Sober with work, and silent with care ;  
Off is his holiday garment laid,  
Half forgotten that merry air,  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink ;  
Nobody knows but my mate and I  
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;  
Fun and frolic no more he knows ;  
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;  
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes :

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

When you can pipe that merry old strain,

Robert of Lincoln, come back again.

Chee, chee, chee.

## THE TWENTY-SEVENTH OF MARCH.

Oh, gentle one, thy birthday sun should rise  
Amid a chorus of the merriest birds  
That ever sang the stars out of the sky  
In a June morning. Rivulets should send  
A voice of gladness from their winding paths,  
Deep in o'erarching grass, where playful winds,  
Stirring the loaded stems should shower the,  
dew

Upon the glassy water. Newly blown  
Roses, by thousands, to the garden walks  
Should tempt the loitering moth and diligent  
bee.

The longest, brightest day in all the year



Should be the day on which thy cheerful eyes  
First opened on the earth, to make thy haunts  
Fairer and gladder for thy kindly looks.

Thus might a poet say ; but I must bring  
A birthday offering of an humbler strain,  
And yet it may not please thee less. I hold  
That 'twas the fitting season for thy birth  
When March, just ready to depart, begins  
To soften into April. Then we have  
The delicatest and most welcome flowers,  
And yet they take least heed of bitter wind  
And lowering sky. The periwinkle then,  
In an hour's sunshine, lifts her azure blooms  
Beside the cottage door ; within the woods  
Tufts of ground-laurel, creeping underneath  
The leaves of the last summer, send their sweets  
Up to the chilly air, and, by the oak,  
The squirrel-cups, a graceful company,  
Hide in their bells a soft ærial blue—  
Sweet flowers, that nestle in the humblest  
nooks,

And yet within whose smallest bud is wrapt  
A world of promise! Still the north wind  
breathes

His frost, and still the sky sheds snow and sleet;  
Yet ever, when the sun looks forth again,  
The flowers smile up to him from their low  
seats.

Well hast thou borne the bleak March day of  
life.

Its storms and its keen winds to thee have been  
Most kindly tempered, and through all its gloom  
There has been warmth and sunshine in thy  
heart;

The griefs of life to thee have been like snows,  
That light upon the fields in early spring,  
Making them greener. In its milder hours,  
The smile of this pale season, thou hast seen,  
The glorious bloom of June, and in the note  
Of early bird, that comes a messenger  
From climes of endless verdure, thou hast  
heard

The choir that fills the summer woods with  
song.

Now be the hours that yet remain to thee  
Stormy or sunny, sympathy and love,  
That inextinguishably dwell within  
Thy heart, shall give a beauty and a light  
To the most desolate moments, like the glow  
Of a bright fireside in the wildest day ;  
And kindly words and offices of good  
Shall wait upon thy steps, as thou goest on,  
Where God shall lead thee, till thou reach the  
gates

Of a more genial season, and thy path  
Be lost to human eye among the bowers  
And living fountains of a brighter land.

Written *March*, 1855.

## AN INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY.

ALREADY, close by our summer dwelling,  
The Easter sparrow repeats her song ;  
A merry warbler, she chides the blossoms—  
The idle blossoms that sleep so long.

The blue-bird chants, from the elm's long  
branches,  
A hymn to welcome the budding year.  
The south wind wanders from field to forest,  
And softly whispers : the Spring is here.

Come, daughter mine, from the gloomy city,  
Before those lays from the elm have ceased ;  
The violet breathes, by our door, as sweetly  
As in the air of her native East.

Though many a flower in the wood is waking,  
The daffodil is our doorside queen ;  
She pushes upward the sward already,  
To spot with sunshine the early green.

No lays so joyous as these are warbled  
From wiry prison in maiden's bower ;  
No pampered bloom of the greenhouse chamber  
Has half the charm of the lawn's first flower.

Yet these sweet sounds of the early season,  
And these fair sights of its sunny days  
Are only sweet when we fondly listen,  
And only fair when we fondly gaze.

There is no glory in star or blossom,  
Till looked upon by a loving eye ;  
There is no fragrance in April breezes,  
Till breathed with joy as they wander by.

Come, Julia dear, for the sprouting willows,  
The opening flowers, and the gleaming  
    brooks,  
And hollows, green in the sun, are waiting  
Their dower of beauty from thy glad looks.

## A SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

STAY yet, my friends, a moment stay—

Stay till the good old year,

So long companion of our way,

Shakes hands, and leaves us here.

Oh stay, oh stay,

One little hour, and then away.

The year, whose hopes were high and strong,

Has now no hopes to wake ;

Yet one hour more of jest and song

For his familiar sake.

Oh stay, oh stay,

One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly year, his liberal hands  
Have lavished all his store.  
And shall we turn from where he stands,  
Because he gives no more?  
Oh stay, oh stay,  
One grateful hour, and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went,  
While yet he was our guest;  
How cheerfully the week was spent!  
How sweet the seventh day's rest!  
Oh stay, oh stay,  
One golden hour, and then away.

Dear friends were with us, some who sleep  
Beneath the coffin lid:  
What pleasant memories we keep  
Of all they said and did!  
Oh stay, oh stay,  
One tender hour, and then away.



Even while we sing he smiles his last  
And leaves our sphere behind.  
The good old year is with the past ;  
Oh be the new as kind !  
Oh stay, oh stay,  
One parting strain, and then away.

## THE WIND AND STREAM.

A BROOK came stealing from the ground ;  
You scarcely saw its silvery gleam  
Among the herbs that hung around  
The borders of that winding stream,  
The pretty stream, the placid stream,  
The softly gliding, bashful stream.

A breeze came wandering from the sky,  
Light as the whispers of a dream ;  
He put the o'erhanging grasses by,  
And softly stooped to kiss the stream,  
The pretty stream, the flattered stream,  
The shy, yet unreluctant stream.

The water, as the wind passed o'er,  
    Shot upward many a glancing beam,  
Dimpled and quivered more and more,  
    And tripped along, a livelier stream.  
The flattered stream, the simpering stream,  
The fond, delighted, silly stream.

Away the airy wanderer flew  
    To where the fields with blossoms teem,  
To sparkling springs and rivers blue,  
    And left alone that little stream,  
The flattered stream, the cheated stream,  
The sad, forsaken, lonely stream.

That careless wind came never back ;  
    He wanders yet the fields I deem,  
But, on its melancholy track,  
    Complaining went that little stream,  
The cheated stream, the hopeless stream,  
The ever-murmuring, mourning stream.

## THE LOST BIRD.

*From the Spanish of* CAROLINA CORONADO DE PERRY.

My bird has flown away,  
Far out of sight has flown, I know not where.  
Look in your lawn, I pray,  
Ye maidens, kind and fair,  
And see if my beloved bird be there.

His eyes are full of light ;  
The eagle of the rock has such an eye ;  
And plumes, exceeding bright,

Round his smooth temples lie,  
And sweet his voice and tender as a sigh.

Look where the grass is gay  
With summer blossoms, haply there he cowers ;  
And search, from spray to spray,  
The leafy laurel bowers,  
For well he loves the laurels and the flowers.

Find him, but do not dwell,  
With eyes too fond, on the fair form you see,  
Nor love his song too well ;  
Send him, at once, to me,  
Or leave him to the air and liberty.

For only from my hand  
He takes the seed into his golden beak,  
And all unwiped shall stand  
The tears that wet my cheek,  
Till I have found the wanderer I seek.

My sight is darkened o'er,  
Whene'er I miss his eyes, which are my day,  
And when I hear no more  
The music of his lay,  
My heart in utter sadness faints away.

## THE NIGHT JOURNEY OF A RIVER.

Oh River, gentle River ! gliding on  
In silence underneath this starless sky !  
Thine is a ministry that never rests  
Even while the living slumber. For a time  
The meddler, man, hath left the elements  
In peace ; the ploughman breaks the clods no  
more ;

The miner labors not, with steel and fire,  
To rend the rock, and he that hews the stone,  
And he that fells the forest, he that guides  
The loaded wain, and the poor animal  
That drags it, have forgotten, for a time,  
Their toils, and share the quiet of the earth.

Thou pausest not in thine allotted task,

Oh darkling River ! Through the night I hear  
Thy wavelets rippling on the pebbly beach ;  
I hear thy current stir the rustling sedge,  
That skirts thy bed ; thou intermittest not  
Thine everlasting journey, drawing on  
A silvery train from many a woodland spring,  
And mountain brook. The dweller by thy side,  
Who moored his little boat upon thy beach,  
Though all the waters that upbore it then  
Have slid away o'er night, shall find, at morn,  
Thy channel filled with waters freshly drawn  
From distant cliffs and hollows where the rill  
Comes up amid the water-flags. All night  
Thou givest moisture to the thirsty roots  
Of the lithe willow and o'erhanging plane,  
And cherishest the herbage of thy bank,  
Spotted with little flowers, and sendest up  
Perpetually, the vapors from thy face,  
To steep the hills with dew, or darken heaven  
With drifting clouds, that trail the shadowy  
shower.



Oh River ! darkling River ! what a voice  
Is that thou utterest while all else is still—  
The ancient voice that, centuries ago,  
Sounded between thy hills, while Rome was yet  
A weedy solitude by Tiber's stream.  
How many, at this hour, along thy course,  
Slumber to thine eternal murmurings,  
That mingle with the utterance of their dreams !  
At dead of night the child awakes and hears  
Thy soft, familiar dashings, and is soothed,  
And sleeps again. An airy multitude  
Of little echoes, all unheard by day,  
Faintly repeat, till morning, after thee,  
The story of thine endless goings forth.

Yet there are those who lie beside thy bed  
For whom thou once didst rear the bowers that  
screen  
Thy margin, and didst water the green fields ;  
And now there is no night so still that they  
Can hear thy lapse ; their slumbers, were thy  
voice

Louder than ocean's, it could never break.  
For them the early violet no more  
Opens upon thy bank, nor, for their eyes,  
Glitter the crimson pictures of the clouds,  
Upon thy bosom, when the sun goes down.  
Their memories are abroad, the memories  
Of those who last were gathered to the earth,  
Lingering within the homes in which they sat,  
Hovering above the paths in which they walked,  
Haunting them like a presence. Even now  
They visit many a dreamer in the forms  
They walked in, ere at last they wore the  
    shroud.  
And eyes there are which will not close to  
    dream,  
For weeping and for thinking of the grave,  
The new-made grave, and the pale one within.  
These memories and these sorrows all shall fade,  
And pass away, and fresher memories  
And newer sorrows come and dwell awhile,  
Beside thy borders, and, in turn, depart.

On glide thy waters, till at last they flow  
Beneath the windows of the populous town,  
And all night long give back the gleam of  
lamps,  
And glimmer with the trains of light that  
stream

From halls where dancers whirl. A dimmer ray  
Touches thy surface from the silent room  
In which they tend the sick, or gather round  
The dying ; and a slender, steady beam  
Comes from the little chamber, in the roof  
Where, with a feverous crimson on her cheek,  
The solitary damsel, dying, too,  
Plies the quick needle till the stars grow pale.  
There, close beside the haunts of revel, stand  
The blank, unlighted windows, where the poor,  
In hunger and in darkness, wake till morn.  
There, drowsily, on the half conscious ear  
Of the dull watchman, pacing on the wharf,  
Falls the soft ripple of the waves that strike  
On the moored bark ; but guiltier listeners

Are nigh, the prowlers of the night, who steal  
From shadowy nook to shadowy nook, and start  
If other sounds than thine are in the air.

Oh, glide away from those abodes, that bring  
Pollution to thy channel and make foul  
Thy once clear current; summon thy quick  
waves

And dimpling eddies; linger not, but haste,  
With all thy waters, haste thee to the deep,  
There to be tossed by shifting winds and rocked  
By that mysterious force which lives within  
The sea's immensity, and wields the weight  
Of its abysses, swaying to and fro  
The billowy mass, until the stain, at length,  
Shall wholly pass away, and thou regain  
The crystal brightness of thy mountain springs.

## THE LIFE THAT IS.

THOU, who so long hast pressed the couch of  
pain,

Oh welcome, welcome back to life's free  
breath—

To life's free breath and day's sweet light  
again,

From the chill shadows of the gate of death.

For thou hadst reached the twilight bound be-  
tween

The world of spirits and this grosser sphere ;  
Dimly by thee the things of earth were seen,  
And faintly fell earth's voices on thine ear.

And now, how gladly we behold, at last,  
The wonted smile returning to thy brow;  
The very wind's low whisper, breathing past,  
In the light leaves, is music to thee now.

Thou wert not weary of thy lot; the earth  
Was ever good and pleasant in thy sight;  
Still clung thy loves about the household  
hearth,  
And sweet was every day's returning light.

Then welcome back to all thou would'st not  
leave,  
To this grand march of seasons, days and  
hours;  
The glory of the morn, the glow of eve,  
The beauty of the streams, and stars, and  
flowers;

To eyes on which thine own delight to rest;  
To voices which it is thy joy to hear;

To the kind toils that ever pleased thee best,  
The willing tasks of love, that made life  
dear.

Welcome to grasp of friendly hands ; to prayers  
Offered where crowds in reverent worship  
come,  
Or softly breathed amid the tender cares  
And loving inmates of thy quiet home.

Thou bring'st no tidings of the better land,  
Even from its verge ; the mysteries opened  
there  
Are what the faithful heart may understand  
In its still depths, yet words may not de-  
clare.

And well I deem, that, from the brighter side  
Of life's dim border, some o'erflowing rays  
Streamed from the inner glory, shall abide  
Upon thy spirit through the coming days.

Twice wert thou given me ; once in thy fair  
prime,  
Fresh from the fields of youth, when first  
we met,  
And all the blossoms of that hopeful time  
Clustered and glowed where'er thy steps  
were set.

And now, in thy ripe autumn, once again  
Given back to fervent prayers and yearnings  
strong,  
From the drear realm of sickness and of pain,  
When we had watched, and feared, and  
trembled long.

Now may we keep thee from the balmy air  
And radiant walks of heaven a little space,  
Where He, who went before thee to prepare  
For His meek followers, shall assign thy  
place.

CASTELLAMARE, *May*, 1858.



## S O N G .

"THESE PRAIRIES GLOW WITH FLOWERS."

THESE prairies glow with flowers,  
These groves are tall and fair,  
The sweet lay of the mocking bird  
Rings in the morning air ;  
And yet I pine to see  
My native hill once more,  
And hear the sparrow's friendly chirp  
Beside its cottage door.

And he, for whom I left  
My native hill and brook,  
Alas, I sometimes think I trace  
A coldness in his look.

If I have lost his love  
I know my heart will break ;  
And haply, they I left for him  
Will sorrow for my sake.

A SICK-BED.

Long hast thou watched my bed,  
And smoothed the pillow oft  
For this poor, aching head,  
With touches kind and soft.

Oh ! smooth it yet again,  
As softly as before ;  
Once—only once—and then  
I need thy hand no more.

Yet here I may not stay,  
Where I so long have lain,

Through many a restless day,  
And many a night of pain.

But bear me gently forth  
Beneath the open sky,  
Where, on the pleasant earth,  
Till night the sunbeams lie.

There, through the coming days,  
I shall not look to thee  
My weary side to raise,  
And shift it tenderly.

There sweetly shall I sleep ;  
Nor wilt thou need to bring  
And put to my hot lip  
Cool water from the spring ;

Nor wet the kerchief laid  
Upon my burning brow ;  
Nor from my eyelids shade  
The light that wounds them now ;

Nor watch that none shall tread,  
    With noisy footstep, nigh ;  
Nor listen by my bed,  
    To hear my faintest sigh,

And feign a look of cheer,  
    And words of comfort speak,  
Yet turn to hide the tear  
    That gathers on thy cheek.

Beside me, where I rest,  
    Thy loving hands will set  
The flowers that please me best :  
    Moss-rose and violet.

Then to the sleep I crave  
    Resign me, till I see  
The face of Him who gave  
    His life for thee and me.

Yet, with the setting sun,  
    Come, now and then, at eve,

And think of me as one  
For whom thou should'st not grieve ;

Who, when the kind release  
From sin and suffering came,  
Passed to the appointed peace  
In murmuring thy name.

Leave at my side a space,  
Where thou shalt come, at last,  
To find a resting place,  
When many years are past.

## THE SONG OF THE SOWER.

### I.

THE maples redden in the sun ;  
In autumn gold the beeches stand ;  
Rest, faithful plough, thy work is done  
Upon the teeming land.  
Bordered with trees whose gay leaves fly  
On every breath that sweeps the sky,  
The fresh dark acres furrowed lie,  
And ask the sower's hand.  
Loose the tired steer and let him go  
To pasture where the gentians blow,  
And we, who till the grateful ground,  
Fling we the golden shower around.

## II.

Fling wide the generous grain ; we fling  
O'er the dark mould the green of spring.  
For thick the emerald blades shall grow,  
When first the March winds melt the snow,  
And to the sleeping flowers, below,

The early bluebirds sing.

Fling wide the grain ; we give the fields

The ears that nod in summer's gale,  
The shining stems that summer gilds,  
The harvest that o'erflows the vale,  
And swells, an amber sea, between  
The full-leaved woods, its shores of green.  
Hark ! from the murmuring clods I hear  
Glad voices of the coming year ;

The song of him who binds the grain,  
The shout of those that load the wain,  
And from the distant grange there comes

The clatter of the thresher's flail,  
And steadily the millstone hums

Down in the willowy vale.



## III.

Fling wide the golden shower ; we trust  
The strength of armies to the dust,  
This peaceful lea may haply yield  
Its harvest for the tented field.

Ha ! feel ye not your fingers thrill,

As o'er them, in the yellow grains,  
Glide the warm drops of blood that fill

For mortal strife, the warrior's veins ;  
Such as, on Solferino's day,  
Slaked the brown sand and flowed away ;—  
Flowed till the herds, on Mincio's brink,  
Snuffed the red stream and feared to drink ;—  
Blood that in deeper pools shall lie,

On the sad earth, as time grows gray,  
When men by deadlier arts shall die,  
And deeper darkness blot the sky

Above the thundering fray ;  
And realms, that hear the battle cry,  
Shall sicken with dismay ;

And chieftains to the war shall lead  
Whole nations, with the tempest's speed,  
    To perish in a day ;—  
Till man, by love and mercy taught,  
Shall rue the wreck his fury wrought,  
    And lay the sword away.  
Oh strew, with pausing, shuddering hand,  
The seed upon the helpless land,  
As if, at every step, ye cast  
The pelting hail and riving blast.

## IV.

Nay, strew, with free and joyous sweep,  
    The seed upon the expecting soil ;  
For hence the plenteous year shall heap  
    The garners of the men who toil.  
Strew the bright seed for those who tear  
The matted sward with spade and share,  
And those whose sounding axes gleam  
Beside the lonely forest stream,  
    Till its broad banks lie bare ;

And him who breaks the quarry-ledge,  
    With hammer-blows, plied quick and strong,  
And him who, with the steady sledge,  
    Smites the shrill anvil all day long.  
Sprinkle the furrow's even trace  
    For those whose toiling hands uprear  
The roof-trees of our swarming race,  
    By grove and plain, by stream and mere ;  
Who forth, from crowded city, lead  
    The lengthening street, and overlay  
Green orchard plot and grassy mead  
    With pavement of the murmuring way.  
Cast, with full hands, the harvest cast,  
For the brave men that climb the mast,  
When to the billow and the blast  
    It swings and stoops, with fearful strain,  
And bind the fluttering mainsail fast,  
    Till the tossed bark shall sit, again,  
Safe as a seabird in the main.

## V.

Fling wide the grain for those who throw  
The clanking shuttle to and fro,  
In the long row of humming rooms,  
    And into ponderous masses wind  
The web that, from a thousand looms,  
    Comes forth to clothe mankind.  
Strew, with free sweep, the grain for them,  
    By whom the busy thread,  
Along the garment's even hem  
    And winding seam is led ;  
A pallid sisterhood, that keep  
    The lonely lamp alight,  
In strife with weariness and sleep,  
    Beyond the middle night.  
Large part be theirs in what the year  
Shall ripen for the reaper here.

## VI.

Still, strew, with joyous hand, the wheat  
On the soft mould beneath our feet,

For even now I seem  
To hear a sound that lightly rings  
From murmuring harp and viol's strings,  
As in a summer dream.  
The welcome of the wedding guest,  
The bridegroom's look of bashful pride,  
The faint smile of the pallid bride,  
And bridemaid's blush at matron's jest,  
And dance and song and generous dower  
Are in the shining grains we shower.

## VII.

Scatter the wheat for shipwrecked men,  
Who, hunger-worn, rejoice again  
In the sweet safety of the shore,  
And wanderers, lost in woodlands drear,  
Whose pulses bound with joy to hear  
The herd's light bell once more.  
Freely the golden spray be shed  
For him whose heart, when night comes down  
On the close alleys of the town,  
Is faint for lack of bread.

In chill roof chambers, bleak and bare,  
Or the damp cellar's stifling air,  
She who now sees, in mute despair,  
    Her children pine for food,  
Shall feel the dews of gladness start  
To lids long tearless, and shall part  
The sweet loaf, with a grateful heart,  
    Among her thin, pale brood.  
Dear, kindly Earth, whose breast we till !  
Oh, for thy famished children, fill,  
    Where'er the sower walks,  
Fill the rich ears that shade the mould  
With grain for grain, a hundredfold,  
    To bend the sturdy stalks.

## VIII.

Strew silently the fruitful seed,  
    As softly o'er the tilth ye tread,  
For hands that delicately knead  
    The consecrated bread.

The mystic loaf that crowns the board,  
When, round the table of their Lord,  
    Within a thousand temples set,  
In memory of the bitter death  
Of him who taught at Nazareth,  
    His followers are met,  
And thoughtful eyes with tears are wet,  
    As of the Holy One they think,  
The glory of whose rising, yet  
    Makes bright the grave's mysterious brink.

## IX.

Brethren, the sower's task is done.  
The seed is in its winter bed.  
Now let the dark brown mould be spread,  
    To hide it from the sun,  
And leave it to the kindly care  
Of the still earth and brooding air.  
As when the mother, from her breast,  
Lays the hushed babe apart to rest,  
And shades its eyes and waits to see  
How sweet its waking smile will be.

The tempest now may smite, the sleet  
All night on the drowned furrow beat,  
And winds that, from the cloudy hold,  
Of winter breathe the bitter cold,  
Stiffen to stone the mellow mould,  
    Yet safe shall lie the wheat ;  
Till, out of heaven's unmeasured blue,  
    Shall walk again the genial year,  
To wake with warmth and nurse with dew,  
    The germs we lay to slumber here.

## x.

Oh blessed harvest yet to be !  
    Abide thou with the love that keeps,  
In its warm bosom, tenderly,  
    The life which wakes and that which sleeps.  
The love that leads the willing spheres  
Along the unending track of years,  
And watches o'er the sparrow's nest,  
Shall brood above thy winter rest,



And raise thee from the dust, to hold  
Light whisperings with the winds of May,  
And fill thy spikes with living gold,  
From summer's yellow ray,  
Then, as thy garner's give thee forth,  
On what glad errands shalt thou go,  
Wherever, o'er the waiting earth,  
Roads wind and rivers flow.  
The ancient East shall welcome thee  
To mighty marts beyond the sea,  
And they who dwell where palm groves sound  
To summer winds the whole year round,  
Shall watch, in gladness, from the shore,  
The sails that bring thy glistening store.

## THE NEW AND THE OLD.

NEW are the leaves on the oaken spray,  
New the blades of the silky grass ;  
Flowers, that were buds but yesterday,  
Peep from the ground where'er I pass.

These gay idlers, the butterflies,  
Broke, to-day, from their winter shroud,  
These soft airs, that winnow the skies,  
Blow, just born, from the soft, white cloud.

Gushing fresh in the little streams  
What a prattle the waters make !

Even the sun, with his tender beams,  
Seems as young as the flowers they wake.

Children are wading, with cheerful cries,  
In the shoals of the sparkling brook,  
Laughing maidens, with soft, young eyes,  
Walk or sit in the shady nook.

What am I doing, thus alone,  
In the glory of nature here,  
Silver-haired, like a snow-flake thrown  
On the greens of the springing year?

Only for brows unploughed by care,  
Eyes that glisten with hope and mirth,  
Cheeks unwrinkled, and unblanched hair,  
Shines this holiday of the earth.

Under the grass, with the clammy clay,  
Lie in darkness the last year's flowers,

Born of a light that has passed away,  
Dews long dried, and forgotten showers.

“Under the grass is the fitting home,”  
So they whisper, “for such as thou,  
When the winter of life is come,  
Chilling the blood, and frosting the brow.”

## THE CLOUD ON THE WAY.

SEE before us, in our journey, broods a mist  
upon the ground ;

Thither leads the path we walk in, blending  
with that gloomy bound.

Never eye hath pierced its shadows to the mys-  
tery they screen ;

Those who once have passed within it never  
more on earth are seen.

Now it seems to stoop beside us, now at seem-  
ing distance lowers,

Leaving banks that tempt us onward bright  
with summer-green and flowers.

Yet it blots the way forever ; there our journey  
ends at last ;  
Into that dark cloud we enter, and are gathered  
to the past.  
Thou who, in this flinty pathway, leading  
through a stranger-land,  
Passest down the rocky valley, walking with  
me hand in hand,  
Which of us shall be the soonest folded to that  
dim Unknown ?  
Which shall leave the other walking in this  
flinty path alone ?  
Even now I see thee shudder, and thy cheek is  
white with fear,  
And thou clingest to my side as comes that  
darkness sweeping near.  
“Here,” thou say’st, “the path is rugged, sown  
with thorns that wound the feet ;  
But the sheltered glens are lovely, and the riv-  
ulet’s song is sweet ;  
Roses breathe from tangled thickets ; lilies  
bend from ledges brown ;

Pleasantly between the pelting showers the sun-  
shine gushes down ;  
Dear are those who walk beside us, they whose  
looks and voices make  
All this rugged region cheerful, till I love it for  
their sake.  
Far be yet the hour that takes me where that  
chilly shadow lies,  
From the things I know and love and from the  
sight of loving eyes.”  
So thou murmurest, fearful one : but see, we  
tread a rougher way ;  
Fainter glow the gleams of sunshine that upon  
the dark rocks play ;  
Rude winds strew the faded flowers upon the  
craggs o’er which we pass ;  
Banks of verdure, when we reach them, hiss  
with tufts of withered grass.  
One by one we miss the voices which we loved  
so well to hear ;  
One by one the kindly faces in that shadow dis-  
appear.

Yet upon the mist before us fix thine eyes with  
closer view ;

See, beneath its sullen skirts, the rosy morning  
glimmers through.

One whose feet the thorns have wounded passed  
that barrier and came back,

With a glory on His footsteps lighting yet the  
dreary track.

Boldly enter where He entered ; all that seems  
but darkness here,

When thou hast passed beyond it, haply shall  
be crystal-clear.

Viewed from that serener realm, the walks of  
human life may lie,

Like the page of some familiar volume, open to  
thine eye ;

Haply, from the overhanging shadow, thou  
may'st stretch an unseen hand,

To support the wavering steps that print with  
blood the rugged land.

Haply, leaning o'er the pilgrim, all unweeting  
thou art near,



Thou may'st whisper words of warning or of  
comfort in his ear,  
Till, beyond the border where that brooding  
mystery bars the sight,  
Those whom thou hast fondly cherished stand  
with thee in peace and light.

## THE TIDES.

THE moon is at her full, and, riding high,  
Floods the calm fields with light.  
The airs that hover in the summer sky  
Are all asleep to-night.

There comes no voice from the great woodlands  
round  
That murmured all the day ;  
Beneath the shadow of their boughs, the ground  
Is not more still than they.

But ever heaves and moans the restless Deep ;  
His rising tides I hear,  
Afair I see the glimmering billows leap ;  
I see them breaking near.

Each wave springs upward, climbing toward  
the fair  
Pure light that sits on high—  
Springs eagerly, and faintly sinks, to where  
The mother waters lie.

Upward again it swells ; the moonbeams show,  
Again, its glimmering crest ;  
Again it feels the fatal weight below,  
And sinks, but not to rest.

Again and yet again ; until the Deep  
Recalls his brood of waves ;  
And, with a sullen moan, abashed, they creep  
Back to his inner caves.

Brief respite ! they shall rush from that recess  
With noise and tumult soon,  
And fling themselves, with unavailing stress,  
Up toward the placid moon.

Oh, restless Sea, that, in thy prison here,  
Dost struggle and complain ;  
Through the slow centuries yearning to be near  
To that fair orb in vain ;

The glorious source of light and heat must  
warm  
Thy billows from on high,  
And change them to the cloudy trains that  
form  
The curtains of the sky.

Then only may they leave the waste of brine  
In which they welter here,  
And rise above the hills of earth, and shine  
In a serener sphere.

## ITALY.

Voices from the mountains speak ;  
Apennines to Alps reply ;  
Vale to vale and peak to peak  
Toss an old remembered cry ;  
Italy  
Shall be free !  
Such the mighty shout that fills  
All the passes of her hills.

All the old Italian lakes  
Quiver at that quickening word ;  
Como with a thrill awakes ;  
Garda to her depths is stirred ;

Mid the steeps  
Where he sleeps,  
Dreaming of the elder years,  
Startled Thrasymentus hears.

Sweeping Arno, swelling Po,  
Murmur freedom to their meads.  
Tiber swift and Liris slow  
Send strange whispers from their reeds.  
Italy  
Shall be free,  
Sing the glittering brooks that slide,  
Toward the sea, from Etna's side.

Long ago was Gracchus slain ;  
Brutus perished long ago ;  
Yet the living roots remain  
Whence the shoots of greatness grow.  
Yet again,  
God-like men,

Sprung from that heroic stem,  
Call the land to rise with them.

They who haunt the swarming street,  
They who chase the mountain boar,  
Or, where cliff and billow meet,  
Prune the vine or pull the oar,  
With a stroke  
Break their yoke;  
Slaves but yestereve were they—  
Freemen with the dawning day.

Looking in his children's eyes,  
While his own with gladness flash,  
"These," the Umbrian father cries,  
"Ne'er shall crouch beneath the lash!  
These shall ne'er  
Brook to wear  
Chains whose cruel links are twined  
Round the crushed and withering mind."

Monarchs! ye whose armies stand  
    Harness'd for the battle-field!  
Pause, and from the lifted hand  
    Drop the bolts of war ye wield.  
    Stand aloof  
    While the proof  
Of the people's might is given;  
Leave their kings to them and heaven.

Stand aloof, and see the oppressed  
    Chase the oppressor, pale with fear,  
As the fresh winds of the west  
    Blow the misty valleys clear.  
    Stand and see  
    Italy  
Cast the gyves she wears no more  
To the gulfs that steep her shore.



## A DAY DREAM.

A DAY dream by the dark blue deep ;  
Was it a dream, or something more ?  
I sat where Posilippo's steep,  
With its gray shelves, o'erhung the shore.

On ruined Roman walls around  
The poppy flaunted, for 'twas May ;  
And at my feet, with gentle sound,  
Broke the light billows of the bay.

I sat and watched the eternal flow  
Of those smooth billows toward the shore,  
While quivering lines of light below,  
Ran with them on the ocean floor.

Till, from the deep, there seemed to rise  
White arms upon the waves outspread,  
Young faces, lit with soft blue eyes,  
And smooth, round cheeks, just touched  
with red.

Their long, fair tresses, tinged with gold,  
Lay floating on the ocean streams,  
And such their brows as bards behold—  
Love-stricken bards, in morning dreams.

Then moved their coral lips; a strain  
Low, sweet and sorrowful I heard,  
As if the murmurs of the main  
Were shaped to syllable and word.

“The sight thou dimly dost behold,  
Oh, stranger from a distant sky !  
Was often, in the days of old,  
Seen by the clear, believing eye.

“Then danced we on the wrinkled sand,  
Sat in cool caverns by the sea,  
Or wandered up the bloomy land,  
To talk with shepherds on the lea.

“To us, in storms, the seaman prayed,  
And where our rustic altars stood,  
His little children came and laid  
The fairest flowers of field and wood,

“Oh woe, a long unending woe !  
For who shall knit the ties again  
That linked the sea-nymphs, long ago,  
In kindly fellowship with men ?

“Earth rears her flowers for us no more ;  
A half-remembered dream are we.  
Unseen we haunt the sunny shore,  
And swim, unmarked, the glassy sea.

“And we have none to love or aid,  
But wander, heedless of mankind,  
With shadows by the cloud-rack made,  
With moaning wave and sighing wind.

“Yet sometimes, as in elder days,  
We come before the painter’s eye,  
Or fix the sculptor’s eager gaze,  
With no profaner witness nigh.

“And then the words of men grow warm  
With praise and wonder, asking where  
The artist saw the perfect form  
He copied forth in lines so fair.”

As thus they spoke, with wavering sweep  
    Floated the graceful forms away ;  
Dimmer and dimmer, through the deep,  
    I saw the white arms gleam and play.

Fainter and fainter, on mine ear,  
    Fell the soft accents of their speech,  
Till I, at last, could only hear  
    The waves run murmuring up the beach.

## THE RUINS OF ITALICA.

*From the Spanish of Rioja.*

### I.

FABIUS, this region, desolate and drear,  
These solitary fields, this shapeless mound,  
Were once Italica, the far-renowned ;  
For Scipio, the mighty, planted here  
His conquering colony, and now, o'erthrown,  
Lie its once dreaded walls of massive stone.  
Sad relics, sad and vain,  
Of those invincible men  
Who held the region then.  
Funereal memories alone remain  
Where forms of high example walked of yore.

Here lay the forum, there arose the fane,  
The eye beholds their places and no more.  
Their proud gymnasium and their sumptuous  
baths,  
Resolved to dust and cinders, strew the paths.  
Their towers, that looked defiance at the sky,  
Fallen by their own vast weight, in fragments  
lie.

## II.

This broken circus, where the rock weeds climb,  
Flaunting with yellow blossoms, and defy  
The gods to whom its walls were piled so  
high,  
Is now a tragic theatre, where Time  
Acts his great fable, spreads a stage that shows  
Past grandeur's story and its dreary close.  
Why, round this desert pit,  
Shout not the applauding rows  
Where the great people sit?  
Wild beasts are here, but where the combatant,

With his bare arms, the strong athleta where?  
All have departed from this once gay haunt  
Of noisy crowds, and silence holds the air.  
Yet, on this spot, Time gives us to behold  
A spectacle as stern as those of old.  
As dreamily I gaze, there seem to rise,  
From all the mighty ruin, wailing cries.

## III.

The terrible in war, the pride of Spain,  
Trajan, his country's father, here was born;  
Good, fortunate, triumphant, to whose reign  
Submitted the far regions, where the morn  
Rose from her cradle, and the shore whose  
steeps  
O'erlooked the conquered Gaditanian deeps.  
Of mighty Adrian here,  
Of Theodosius, saint,  
Of Silius, Virgil's peer,  
Were rocked the cradles, rich with gold, and  
quaint



With ivory carvings ; here were laurel boughs  
And sprays of jasmine gathered for their  
brows,

From gardens now a marshy, thorny  
waste.

Where rose the palace, reared for Cæsar, yawn  
Foul rifts to which the scudding lizards  
haste.

Palaces, gardens, Cæsars, all are gone,  
And even the stones their names were graven  
on.

## IV.

Fabius, if tears prevent thee not, survey  
The long dismantled streets, so thronged of  
old,

The broken marbles, arches in decay,  
Proud statues, toppled from their place and  
rolled

In dust, when Nemesis, the avenger, came,  
And buried, in forgetfulness profound,

The owners and their fame.  
Thus Troy, I deem must be,  
With many a mouldering mound ;  
And thou, whose name alone remains to thee,  
Rome, of old gods and kings the native  
ground ;  
And thou, sage Athens, built by Pallas, whom  
Just laws redeemed not from the appointed  
doom.  
The envy of earth's cities once wert thou,—  
A weary solitude and ashes now.  
For fate and death respect ye not : they strike  
The mighty city and the wise alike.

## v.

But why goes forth the wandering thought to  
frame  
New themes of sorrow, sought in distant  
lands ?  
Enough the example that before me stands ;  
For here are smoke wreaths seen, and glimmer-  
ing flame,

And hoarse lamentings on the breezes die ;  
So doth the mighty ruin cast its spell  
    On those who near it dwell.  
    And under night's still sky,  
    As awe-struck peasants tell,  
A melancholy voice is heard to cry,  
" Italica is fallen ;" the echoes then  
Mournfully shout " Italica" again.

    The leafy alleys of the forest nigh  
Murmur " Italica," and all around,  
A troop of mighty shadows, at the sound  
Of that illustrious name, repeat the call,  
" Italica !" from ruined tower and wall.

## WAITING BY THE GATE.

BESIDE a massive gateway built up in years gone  
by,  
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow  
lie,  
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet  
wood and lea,  
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for  
me.

The tree tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's  
flight,  
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of  
the night ;

I hear the woodthrush piping one mellow des-  
cant more,

And scent the flowers that blow when the heat  
of day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold,  
now,

There steps a weary one with a pale and fur-  
rowed brow ;

His count of years is full, his allotted task is  
wrought ;

He passes to his rest from a place that needs  
him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the  
hour

Of human strength and action, man's courage  
and his power.

I muse while still the woodthrush sings down  
the golden day,

And as I look and listen the sadness wears  
away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing,  
throws  
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully  
goes ;  
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from  
her hair,  
Moves mournfully away from amidst the young  
and fair.

Oh glory of our race that so suddenly decays !  
Oh crimson flush of morning that darkens as  
we gaze !  
Oh breath of summer blossoms that on the  
restless air  
Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies we  
know not where !

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown  
and then withdrawn ;  
But still the sun shines round me : the evening  
bird sings on,

And I again am soothed, and, beside the an-  
cient gate,

In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand  
and wait.

Once more the gates are opened; an infant  
group go out,

The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled  
the sprightly shout.

Oh frail, frail tree of Life, that upon the green-  
sward strows

Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind  
that blows!

So come from every region, so enter, side by  
side,

The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and  
men of pride.

Steps of earth's great and mighty, between  
those pillars gray,

And prints of little feet, mark the dust along  
the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks  
are blank with fear,  
And some whose temples brighten with joy in  
drawing near,  
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gra-  
cious eye  
Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us  
to die.

I mark the joy, the terror ; yet these, within my  
heart,  
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to  
depart ;  
And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood  
and lea,  
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for  
me.



## N O T Y E T .

Oh country, marvel of the earth !

Oh realm to sudden greatness grown !  
The age that gloried in thy birth,  
Shall it behold thee overthrown ?  
Shall traitors lay that greatness low ?  
No, land of Hope and Blessing, No !

And we, who wear thy glorious name,  
Shall we, like cravens, stand apart,  
When those whom thou hast trusted aim  
The death blow at thy generous heart ?  
Forth goes the battle cry, and lo !  
Hosts rise in harness, shouting, No !

And they who founded, in our land,  
The power that rules from sea to sea,  
Bled they in vain, or vainly planned  
To leave their country great and free?  
Their sleeping ashes, from below,  
Send up the thrilling murmur, No!

Knit they the gentle ties which long  
These sister States were proud to wear,  
And forged the kindly links so strong  
For idle hands in sport to tear?  
For scornful hands aside to throw?  
No, by our fathers' memory, No!

Our humming marts, our iron ways,  
Our wind-tossed woods on mountain-crest,  
The hoarse Atlantic, with its bays,  
The calm, broad Ocean of the West,  
And Mississippi's torrent-flow,  
And loud Niagara, answer, No!

Not yet the hour is nigh when they  
Who deep in Eld's dim twilight sit,  
Earth's ancient kings, shall rise and say,  
"Proud country, welcome to the pit!  
So soon art thou, like us, brought low!"  
No, sullen group of shadows, No!

For now, behold, the arm that gave  
The victory in our fathers' day,  
Strong, as of old, to guard and save—  
That mighty arm which none can stay—  
On clouds above and fields below,  
Writes, in men's sight, the answer, No!

*July, 1861.*

## OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

LAY down the axe ; fling by the spade ;  
Leave in its track the toiling plough ;  
The rifle and the bayonet blade  
For arms like yours were fitter now ;  
And let the hands that ply the pen  
Quit the light task, and learn to wield  
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein  
The charger on the battle field.

Our country calls ; away ! away !  
To where the blood-stream blots the green.  
Strike to defend the gentlest sway  
That Time in all his course has seen.

See, from a thousand coverts—see,  
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track ;  
They rush to smite her down, and we  
Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho ! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,  
And moved as soon to fear and flight,  
Men of the glade and forest ! leave  
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.  
The arms that wield the axe must pour  
An iron tempest on the foe ;  
His serried ranks shall reel before  
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye, who breast the mountain storm  
By grassy steep or highland lake,  
Come, for the land ye love, to form  
A bulwark that no foe can break.  
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock  
The whirlwind, stand in her defence ;  
The blast as soon shall move the rock  
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand  
Swift rivers, rising far away,  
Come from the depth of her green land,  
As mighty in your march as they ;  
As terrible as when the rains  
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,  
With sudden floods to drown the plains  
And sweep along the woods upturn.

And ye, who throng, beside the deep,  
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,  
In number like the waves that leap  
On his long murmuring marge of sand,  
Come, like that deep, when, o'er his brim,  
He rises, all his floods to pour,  
And flings the proudest barks that swim,  
A helpless wreck, against his shore.

Few, few were they whose swords of old  
Won the fair land in which we dwell ;  
But we are many, we who hold  
The grim resolve to guard it well.

Strike, for that broad and goodly land,  
Blow after blow, till men shall see  
That Might and Right move hand in hand,  
And glorious must their triumph be.

*September, 1861.*

## THE CONSTELLATIONS.

OH, Constellations of the early night  
That sparkled brighter as the twilight died,  
And made the darkness glorious! I have seen  
Your rays grow dim upon the horizon's edge,  
And sink behind the mountains. I have seen  
The great Orion, with his jewelled belt,  
That large-limbed warrior of the skies, go down  
Into the gloom. Beside him sank a crowd  
Of shining ones. I look in vain to find  
The group of sister-stars, which mothers love  
To show their wondering babes, the gentle  
Seven.



Along the desert space mine eyes in vain  
Seek the resplendent cressets which the Twins  
Uplifted in their ever-youthful hands.  
The streaming tresses of the Egyptian Queen  
Spangle the heavens no more. The Virgin  
trails

No more her glittering garments through the  
blue.

Gone! all are gone! and the forsaken Night,  
With all her winds, in all her dreary wastes,  
Sighs that they shine upon her face no more.

Now only here and there a little star  
Looks forth alone. Ah me! I know them not,  
Those dim successors of the numberless host  
That filled the heavenly fields, and flung to  
earth

Their quivering fires. And now the middle  
watch

Betwixt the eve and morn is past, and still  
The darkness gains upon the sky, and still  
It closes round my way. Shall, then, the night,

Grow starless in her later hours? Have these  
No train of flaming watchers, that shall mark  
Their coming and farewell? Oh Sons of Light!  
Have ye then left me ere the dawn of day  
To grope along my journey sad and faint?

Thus I complained, and from the darkness  
round

A voice replied—was it indeed a voice,  
Or seeming accents of a waking dream  
Heard by the inner ear? But thus it said:  
Oh, Traveller of the Night! thine eyes are dim  
With watching; and the mists, that chill the  
vale

Down which thy feet are passing, hide from  
view

The ever-burning stars. It is thy sight  
That is so dark, and not the heavens. Thine  
eyes,

Were they but clear, would see a fiery host  
Above thee; Hercules, with flashing mace,  
The Lyre with silver chords, the Swan uppoised

On gleaming wings, the Dolphin gliding on  
With glistening scales, and that poetic steed,  
With beamy mane, whose hoof struck out from  
earth

The fount of Hippocrene, and many more,  
Fair clustered splendors, with whose rays the  
Night

Shall close her march in glory, ere she yield,  
To the young Day, the great earth steeped in  
dew.

So spake the monitor, and I perceived  
How vain were my repinings, and my thought  
Went backward to the vanished years and all  
The good and great who came and passed with  
them,

And knew that ever would the years to come  
Bring with them, in their course, the good and  
great,

Lights of the world, though, to my clouded  
sight,

Their rays might seem but dim, or reach me  
not.

THE THIRD OF NOVEMBER, 1861.

SOFTLY breathes the westwind beside the ruddy  
forest,

Taking leaf by leaf from the branches where  
he flies.

Sweetly streams the sunshine, this third day of  
November,

Through the golden haze of the quiet autumn  
skies.

Tenderly the season has spared the grassy  
meadows,

Spared the petted flowers that the old world  
gave the new,

Spared the autumn rose and the garden's group  
of pansies,  
Late-blown dandelions and periwinkles blue.

On my cornice linger the ripe black grapes un-  
gathered ;  
Children fill the groves with the echoes of  
their glee,  
Gathering tawny chestnuts, and shouting when  
beside them  
Drops the heavy fruit of the tall black-wal-  
nut tree.

Glorious are the woods in their latest gold and  
crimson,  
Yet our full-leaved willows are in their fresh-  
est green.  
Such a kindly autumn, so mercifully dealing  
With the growths of summer, I never yet  
have seen.

Like this kindly season may life's decline come  
o'er me ;

Past is manhood's summer, the frosty months  
are here ;

Yet be genial airs and a pleasant sunshine left  
me,

Leaf, and fruit, and blossom, to mark the  
closing year.

Dreary is the time when the flowers of earth  
are withered ;

Dreary is the time when the woodland leaves  
are cast,

When, upon the hillside, all hardened into  
iron,

Howling, like a wolf, flies the famished  
northern blast.

Dreary are the years when the eye can look no  
longer

With delight on nature, or hope on human  
kind ;

Oh may those that whiten my temples, as they  
pass me,  
Leave the heart unfrozen, and spare the  
cheerful mind.

## THE MOTHER'S HYMN.

LORD, who ordainest for mankind  
Benignant toils and tender cares !  
We thank thee for the ties that bind  
The mother to the child she bears.

We thank thee for the hopes that rise,  
Within her heart, as, day by day,  
The dawning soul, from those young eyes,  
Looks, with a clearer, steadier ray.

And grateful for the blessing given  
With that dear infant on her knee,  
She trains the eye to look to heaven,  
The voice to lisp a prayer to thee.



Such thanks the blessed Mary gave,  
When, from her lap, the Holy Child  
Sent from on high to seek and save  
The lost of earth, looked up and smiled.

All-Gracious ! grant, to those who bear  
A mother's charge, the strength and light  
To lead the steps that own their care  
In ways of Love, and Truth, and Right.

## SELLA.

HEAR now a legend of the days of old—  
The days when there were goodly marvels yet,  
When man to man gave willing faith, and  
loved

A tale the better that 'twas wild and strange.

Beside a pleasant dwelling ran a brook  
Scudding along a narrow channel, paved  
With green and yellow pebbles; yet full clear  
Its waters were, and colorless and cool,  
As fresh from granite rocks. A maiden oft  
Stood at the open window, leaning out,  
And listening to the sound the water made,

A sweet, eternal murmur, still the same,  
And not the same ; and oft, as spring came on,  
She gathered violets from its fresh moist bank,  
To place within her bower, and when the herbs  
Of summer drooped beneath the midday sun,  
She sat within the shade of a great rock,  
Dreamily listening to the streamlet's song.

Ripe were the maiden's years ; her stature  
showed

Womanly beauty, and her clear, calm eye  
Was bright with venturous spirit, yet her face  
Was passionless, like those by sculptor graved  
For niches in a temple. Lovers oft  
Had wooed her, but she only laughed at love,  
And wondered at the silly things they said.  
'Twas her delight to wander where wild vines  
O'erhang the river's brim, to climb the path  
Of woodland streamlet to its mountain springs,  
To sit by gleaming wells and mark below  
The image of the rushes on its edge,  
And, deep beyond, the trailing clouds that slid

Across the fair blue space. No little fount  
Stole forth from hanging rock, or in the side  
Of hollow dell, or under roots of oak,  
No rill came trickling, with a stripe of green,  
Down the bare hill, that to this maiden's eyes  
Was not familiar. Often did the banks  
Of river or of sylvan lakelet hear  
The dip of oars with which the maiden rowed  
Her shallop, pushing ever from the prow  
A crowd of long, light ripples toward the shore.

Two brothers had the maiden, and she  
thought,  
Within herself: "I would I were like them;  
For then I might go forth alone, to trace  
The mighty rivers downward to the sea,  
And upward to the brooks that, through the  
year,  
Prattle to the cool valleys. I would know  
What races drink their waters; how their  
chiefs  
Bear rule, and how men worship there, and how

They build, and to what quaint device they  
frame,

Where sea and river meet, their stately ships ;  
What flowers are in their gardens, and what  
trees

Bear fruit within their orchards ; in what garb  
Their bowmen meet on holidays, and how  
Their maidens bind the waist and braid the  
hair.

Here, on these hills, my father's house o'erlooks  
Broad pastures grazed by flocks and herds, but  
there

I hear they sprinkle the great plains with corn  
And watch its springing up, and when the  
green

Is changed to gold, they cut the stems and  
bring

The harvest in, and give the nations bread.

And there they hew the quarry into shafts,  
And pile up glorious temples from the rock,  
And chisel the rude stones to shapes of men.

All this I pine to see, and would have seen,  
But that I am a woman, long ago."

Thus in her wanderings did the maiden  
dream,  
Until, at length, one morn in early spring,  
When all the glistening fields lay white with  
frost,  
She came half breathless where her mother sat :  
"See, mother dear," she said, "what I have  
found,  
Upon our rivulet's bank ; two slippers, white  
As the mid-winter snow, and spangled o'er  
With twinkling points, like stars, and on the  
edge  
My name is wrought in silver ; read, I pray,  
Sella, the name thy mother, now in heaven,  
Gave at my birth ; and sure, they fit my feet !"  
"A dainty pair," the prudent matron said,  
"But thine they are not. We must lay them by  
For those whose careless hands have left them  
here ;

Or haply they were placed beside the brook  
To be a snare. I cannot see thy name  
Upon the border,—only characters  
Of mystic look and dim are there, like signs  
Of some strange art; nay, daughter, wear them  
not.”

Then Sella hung the slippers in the porch  
Of that broad rustic lodge, and all who passed,  
Admired their fair contexture, but none knew  
Who left them by the brook And now, at  
length,

May, with her flowers and singing birds, had  
gone,

And on bright streams and into deep wells  
shone

The high, mid-summer sun. One day, at noon,  
Sella was missed from the accustomed meal.

They sought her in her favorite haunts, they  
looked

By the great rock, and far along the stream,  
And shouted in the sounding woods her name.

Night came, and forth the sorrowing household  
went

With torches over the wide pasture grounds  
To pool and thicket, marsh and briery dell,  
And solitary valley far away.

The morning came, and Sella was not found.  
The sun climbed high ; they sought her still ;  
the noon,

The hot and silent noon, heard Sella's name,  
Uttered with a despairing cry, to wastes  
O'er which the eagle hovered. As the sun  
Stooped toward the amber west to bring the  
close

Of that sad second day, and, with red eyes,  
The mother sat within her home alone,  
Sella was at her side. A shriek of joy  
Broke the sad silence ; glad, warm tears were  
shed,

And words of gladness uttered. " Oh, forgive,"  
The maiden said, " that I could e'er forget  
Thy wishes for a moment. I just tried



The slippers on, amazed to see them shaped  
So fairly to my feet, when, all at once,  
I felt my steps upborne and hurried on  
Almost as if with wings. A strange delight,  
Blent with a thrill of fear, o'ermastered me,  
And, ere I knew, my plashing steps were set  
Within the rivulet's pebbly bed, and I  
Was rushing down the current. By my side  
Tripped one as beautiful as ever looked  
From white clouds in a dream ; and, as we ran,  
She talked with musical voice and sweetly  
laughed ;  
Gayly we leaped the crag and swam the pool,  
And swept with dimpling eddies round the  
rock,  
And glided between shady meadow banks.  
The streamlet, broadening as we went, became  
A swelling river, and we shot along  
By stately towns, and under leaning masts  
Of gallant barks, nor lingered by the shore  
Of blooming gardens ; onward, onward still,

The same strong impulse bore me till, at last,  
We entered the great deep, and passed below  
His billows, into boundless spaces, lit  
With a green sunshine. Here were mighty  
groves

Far down the ocean valleys, and between  
Lay what might seem fair meadows, softly  
tinged

With orange and with crimson. Here arose  
Tall stems, that, rooted in the depths below,  
Swung idly with the motions of the sea ;  
And here were shrubberies in whose mazy  
screen

The creatures of the deep made haunt. My  
friend

Named the strange growths, the pretty coral-  
line,

The dulse with crimson leaves, and streaming  
far,

Sea-thong and sea-lace. Here the tangle spread  
Its broad, thick fronds, with pleasant bowers  
beneath,

And oft we trod a waste of pearly sands,  
Spotted with rosy shells, and thence looked in  
At caverns of the sea whose rock-roofed halls  
Lay in blue twilight. As we moved along,  
The dwellers of the deep, in mighty herds,  
Passed by us, reverently they passed us by,  
Long trains of dolphins rolling through the  
brine,

Huge whales, that drew the waters after them,  
A torrent stream, and hideous hammer-sharks,  
Chasing their prey ; I shuddered as they came ;  
Gently they turned aside and gave us room."

Hereat broke in the mother, " Sella, dear,  
This is a dream, the idlest, vainest dream."

"Nay, mother, nay ; behold this sea-green  
scarf,

Woven of such threads as never human hand  
Twined from the distaff. She who led my way  
Through the great waters, bade me wear it  
home,

A token that my tale is true. ' And keep,'

She said, 'the slippers thou hast found, for  
thou,

When shod with them, shalt be like one of us,  
With power to walk at will the ocean floor,  
Among its monstrous creatures unafraid,  
And feel no longing for the air of heaven  
To fill thy lungs, and send the warm, red blood  
Along thy veins. But thou shalt pass the hours  
In dances with the sea-nymphs, or go forth,  
To look into the mysteries of the abyss  
Where never plummet reached. And thou  
shalt sleep

Thy weariness away on downy banks  
Of sea-moss, where the pulses of the tide  
Shall gently lift thy hair, or thou shalt float  
On the soft currents that go forth and wind  
From isle to isle, and wander through the sea.'

"So spake my fellow-voyager, her words  
Sounding like wavelets on a summer shore,  
And then we stopped beside a hanging rock  
With a smooth beach of white sands at its foot,

Where three fair creatures like herself were set  
At their sea-banquet, crisp and juicy stalks,  
Culled from the ocean's meadows, and the  
    sweet  
Midrib of pleasant leaves, and golden fruits,  
Dropped from the trees that edge the southern  
    isles,  
And gathered on the waves. Kindly they  
    prayed  
That I would share their meal, and I partook  
With eager appetite, for long had been  
My journey, and I left the spot refreshed.

“ And then we wandered off amid the groves  
Of coral loftier than the growths of earth ;  
The mightiest cedar lifts no trunk like theirs,  
So huge, so high, toward heaven, nor over-  
    hangs

Alleys and bowers so dim. We moved between  
Pinnacles of black rock, which, from beneath,  
Molten by inner fires, so said my guide,  
Gushed long ago into the hissing brine,

That quenched and hardened them, and now  
they stand

Motionless in the currents of the sea

That part and flow around them. As we went,  
We looked into the hollows of the abyss,  
To which the never-resting waters sweep  
The skeletons of sharks, the long white spines  
Of narwhale and of dolphin, bones of men  
Shipwrecked, and mighty ribs of foundered  
barks.

Down the blue pits we looked, and hastened  
on.

“ But beautiful the fountains of the sea  
Sprang upward from its bed ; the silvery jets  
Shot branching far into the azure brine,  
And where they mingled with it, the great  
deep

Quivered and shook, as shakes the glimmering  
air

Above a furnace. So we wandered through  
The mighty world of waters, till, at length

I wearied of its wonders, and my heart  
Began to yearn for my dear mountain home.  
I prayed my gentle guide to lead me back  
To the upper air. 'A glorious realm,' I said,  
'Is this thou openest to me ; but I stray  
Bewildered in its vastness ; these strange sights  
And this strange light oppress me. I must see  
The faces that I love, or I shall die.'

"She took my hand, and, darting through  
the waves,  
Brought me to where the stream, by which we  
came,  
Rushed into the main ocean. Then began  
A slower journey upward. Wearily  
We breasted the strong current, climbing  
through  
The rapids tossing high their foam. The night  
Came down, and, in the clear depth of a pool,  
Edged with o'erhanging rock, we took our rest  
Till morning ; and I slept, and dreamed of home  
And thee. A pleasant sight the morning  
showed ;

The green fields of this upper world, the herds  
That grazed the bank, the light on the red  
clouds,

The trees, with all their host of trembling leaves,  
Lifting and lowering to the restless wind  
Their branches. As I woke I saw them all  
From the clear stream ; yet strangely was my  
heart

Parted between the watery world and this,  
And as we journeyed upward, oft I thought  
Of marvels I had seen, and stopped and turned,  
And lingered, till I thought of thee again ;  
And then again I turned and clambered up  
The rivulet's murmuring path, until we came  
Beside this cottage door. There tenderly  
My fair conductor kissed me, and I saw  
Her face no more. I took the slippers off.  
Oh ! with what deep delight my lungs drew in  
The air of heaven again, and with what joy  
I felt my blood bound with its former glow ;  
And now I never leave thy side again."



So spoke the maiden Sella, with large tears  
Standing in her mild eyes, and in the porch  
Replaced the slippers. Autumn came and  
went ;

The winter passed ; another summer warmed  
The quiet pools ; another autumn tinged  
The grape with red, yet while it hung un-  
plucked,

The mother ere her time was carried forth  
To sleep among the solitary hills.

A long still sadness settled on that home  
Among the mountains. The stern father there  
Wept with his children, and grew soft of heart,  
And Sella, and the brothers twain, and one  
Younger than they, a sister fair and shy,  
Strewed the new grave with flowers, and round  
it set

Shrubs that all winter held their lively green.  
Time passed ; the grief with which their hearts  
were wrung

Waned to a gentle sorrow. Sella, now,

Was often absent from the patriarch's board ;  
The slippers hung no longer in the porch ;  
And sometimes after summer nights her couch  
Was found unpressed at dawn, and well they  
knew

That she was wandering with the race who  
make

Their dwelling in the waters. Oft her looks  
Fixed on blank space, and oft the ill-suited  
word

Told that her thoughts were far away. In vain  
Her brothers reasoned with her tenderly.

"Oh leave not thus thy kindred;" so they  
prayed ;

"Dear Sella, now that she who gave us birth  
Is in her grave, oh go not hence, to seek  
Companions in that strange cold realm below,  
For which God made not us nor thee, but stay  
To be the grace and glory of our home."

She looked at them with those mild eyes and  
wept,

But said no word in answer, nor refrained  
From those mysterious wanderings that filled  
Their loving hearts with a perpetual pain.

And now the younger sister, fair and shy,  
Had grown to early womanhood, and one  
Who loved her well had wooed her for his  
bride,

And she had named the wedding day. The  
herd

Had given its fatlings for the marriage feast ;  
The roadside garden and the secret glen  
Were rifled of their sweetest flowers to twine  
The door posts, and to lie among the locks  
Of maids, the wedding guests, and from the  
boughs

Of mountain orchards had the fairest fruit  
Been plucked to glisten in the canisters.

Then, trooping over hill and valley, came  
Matron and maid, grave men and smiling  
youths,

Like swallows gathering for their autumn  
flight.

In costumes of that simpler age they came,  
That gave the limbs large play, and wrapt the  
form

In easy folds, yet bright with glowing hues  
As suited holidays. All hastened on  
To that glad bridal. There already stood  
The priest prepared to say the spousal rite,  
And there the harpers in due order sat,  
And there the singers. Sella, midst them all,  
Moved strangely and serenely beautiful,  
With clear blue eyes, fair locks, and brow and  
check

Colorless as the lily of the lakes,  
Yet moulded to such shape as artists give  
To beings of immortal youth. Her hands  
Had decked her sister for the bridal hour  
With chosen flowers, and lawn whose delicate  
threads

Vied with the spider's spinning. There she  
stood

With such a gentle pleasure in her looks

As might beseem a river-nymph's soft eyes  
Gracing a bridal of the race whose flocks  
Were pastured on the borders of her stream.

She smiled, but from that calm sweet face  
the smile

Was soon to pass away. That very morn  
The elder of the brothers, as he stood  
Upon the hillside, had beheld the maid,  
Emerging from the channel of the brook,  
With three fresh water lilies in her hand,  
Wring dry her dripping locks, and in a cleft  
Of hanging rock, beside a screen of boughs,  
Bestow the spangled slippers. None before  
Had known where Sella hid them. Then she  
laid

The light brown tresses smooth, and in them  
twined

The lily buds, and hastily drew forth  
And threw across her shoulders a light robe  
Wrought for the bridal, and with bounding  
steps

Ran toward the lodge. The youth beheld and  
marked

The spot and slowly followed from afar.

Now had the marriage rite been said ; the  
bride

Stood in the blush that from her burning cheek  
Glowed down the alabaster neck, as morn  
Crimsons the pearly heaven halfway to the  
west.

At once the harpers struck their chords ; a  
gush

Of music broke upon the air ; the youths  
All started to the dance. Among them moved  
The queenly Sella with a grace that seemed  
Caught from the swaying of the summer sea.  
The young drew forth the elders to the dance,  
Who joined it half abashed, but when they felt  
The joyous music tingling in their veins,  
They called for quaint old measures, which they  
trod

As gayly as in youth, and far abroad

Came through the open windows cheerful  
shouts

And bursts of laughter. They who heard the  
sound

Upon the mountain footpaths paused and said,  
"A merry wedding." Lovers stole away  
That sunny afternoon to bowers that edged  
The garden walks, and what was whispered  
there

The lovers of these later times can guess.

Meanwhile the brothers, when the merry  
din

Was loudest, stole to where the slippers lay,  
And took them thence, and followed down the  
brook

To where a little rapid rushed between  
Its borders of smooth rock, and dropped them  
in.

The rivulet, as they touched its face, flung up  
Its small bright waves like hands, and seemed  
to take

The prize with eagerness and draw it down.

They, gleaming through the waters as they  
went,  
And striking with light sound the shining  
stones,  
Slid down the stream. The brothers looked  
and watched  
And listened with full beating hearts till now  
The sight and sound had passed, and silently  
And half repentant hastened to the lodge.

The sun was near his set; the music rang  
Within the dwelling still, but the mirth waned;  
For groups of guests were sauntering toward  
their homes

Across the fields, and far on hillside paths,  
Gleamed the white robes of maidens. Sella  
grew

Weary of the long merriment; she thought  
Of her still haunts beneath the soundless sea,  
And all unseen withdrew and sought the cleft  
Where she had laid the slippers. They were  
gone.



She searched the brookside near, yet found  
them not.

Then her heart sank within her, and she ran  
Wildly from place to place, and once again  
She searched the secret cleft, and next she  
stooped

And with spread palms felt carefully beneath  
The tufted herbs and bushes, and again,  
And yet again she searched the rocky cleft.

“Who could have taken them?” That ques-  
tion cleared

The mystery. She remembered suddenly  
That when the dance was in its gayest whirl,  
Her brothers were not seen, and when, at  
length,

They reappeared, the elder joined the sports  
With shouts of boisterous mirth, and from her  
eye

The younger shrank in silence. “Now, I  
know

The guilty ones,” she said, and left the spot,

And stood before the youths with such a look  
Of anguish and reproach that well they knew  
Her thought, and almost wished the deed undone.

Frankly they owned the charge: "And pardon us;

We did it all in love; we could not bear  
That the cold world of waters and the strange  
Beings that dwell within it should beguile  
Our sister from us." Then they told her all;  
How they had seen her stealthily bestow  
The slippers in the cleft, and how by stealth  
They took them thence and bore them down  
the brook,

And dropped them in, and how the eager waves  
Gathered and drew them down: but at that  
word

The maiden shrieked—a broken-hearted shriek—  
And all who heard it shuddered and turned  
pale

At the despairing cry, and "They are gone,"

She said, "gone—gone forever. Cruel ones !  
'Tis you who shut me out eternally  
From that serener world which I had learned  
To love so well. Why took ye not my life?  
Ye cannot know what ye have done." She  
spake

And hurried to her chamber, and the guests  
Who yet had lingered silently withdrew.

The brothers followed to the maiden's  
bower,

But with a calm demeanor, as they came,  
She met them at the door. "The wrong is  
great,"

She said, "that ye have done me, but no power  
Have ye to make it less, nor yet to soothe  
My sorrow ; I shall bear it as I may,  
The better for the hours that I have passed  
In the calm region of the middle sea.  
Go, then. I need you not." They, overawed,  
Withdrew from that grave presence. Then her  
tears

Broke forth a flood, as when the August cloud,  
Darkening beside the mountain, suddenly  
Melts into streams of rain. That weary night  
She paced her chamber, murmuring as she  
walked,

“ Oh peaceful region of the middle sea !  
Oh azure bowers and grotts, in which I loved  
To roam and rest ! Am I to long for you,  
And think how strangely beautiful ye are,  
Yet never see you more ? And dearer yet,  
Ye gentle ones in whose sweet company  
I trod the shelly pavements of the deep,  
And swam its currents, creatures with calm  
eyes

Looking the tenderest love, and voices soft  
As ripple of light waves along the shore,  
Uttering the tenderest words ! Oh ! ne'er again  
Shall I, in your mild aspects, read the peace  
That dwells within, and vainly shall I pine  
To hear your sweet low voices. Haply now  
Ye miss me in your deep-sea home, and think

Of me with pity, as of one condemned  
To haunt this upper world, with its harsh  
sounds

And glaring lights, its withering heats, its  
frosts,

Cruel and killing, its delirious strifes,  
And all its feverish passions, till I die.

So mourned she the long night, and when  
the morn

Brightened the mountains, from her lattice  
looked

The maiden on a world that was to her  
A desolate and dreary waste. That day  
She passed in wandering by the brook that oft  
Had been her pathway to the sea, and still  
Seemed, with its cheerful murmur, to invite  
Her footsteps thither. "Well may'st thou re-  
joice,

Fortunate stream!" she said, "and dance along  
Thy bed, and make thy course one ceaseless  
strain

Of music, for thou journeyest toward the deep,  
To which I shall return no more." The night  
Brought her to her lone chamber, and she knelt  
And prayed, with many tears, to Him whose  
hand

Touches the wounded heart and it is healed.  
With prayer there came new thoughts and new  
desires.

She asked for patience and a deeper love  
For those with whom her lot was henceforth  
cast,

And that in acts of mercy she might lose  
The sense of her own sorrow. When she rose  
A weight was lifted from her heart. She  
sought

Her couch, and slept a long and peaceful sleep.  
At morn she woke to a new life. Her days  
Henceforth were given to quiet tasks of good  
In the great world. Men hearkened to her  
words,

And wondered at their wisdom and obeyed,

And saw how beautiful the law of love  
Can make the cares and toils of daily life.

Still did she love to haunt the springs and  
brooks,

As in her cheerful childhood, and she taught  
The skill to pierce the soil and meet the veins  
Of clear cold water winding underneath,  
And call them forth to daylight. From afar  
She bade men bring the rivers on long rows  
Of pillared arches to the sultry town,  
And on the hot air of the summer fling  
The spray of dashing fountains. To relieve  
Their weary hands, she showed them how to  
tame  
The rushing stream, and make him drive the  
wheel  
That whirls the humming millstone and that  
wields  
The ponderous sledge. The waters of the  
cloud,  
That drench the hillside in the time of rains,

Were gathered at her bidding into pools,  
And in the months of drought led forth again,  
In glimmering rivulets, to refresh the vales,  
Till the sky darkened with returning showers.

So passed her life, a long and blameless life,  
And far and near her name was named with  
love

And reverence. Still she kept, as age came on,  
Her stately presence; still her eyes looked  
forth

From under their calm brows as brightly clear  
As the transparent wells by which she sat  
So oft in childhood. Still she kept her fair  
Unwrinkled features, though her locks were  
white.

A hundred times had summer since her birth  
Opened the water lily on the lakes,  
So old traditions tell, before she died.

A hundred cities mourned her, and her death  
Saddened the pastoral valleys. By the brook,  
That bickering ran beside the cottage door



Where she was born, they reared her monument.

Ere long the current parted and flowed round  
The marble base, forming a little isle,  
And there the flowers that love the running  
stream,

Iris and orchis, and the cardinal flower,  
Crowded and hung caressingly around  
The stone engraved with Sella's honored name.

THE  
FIFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

TRANSLATED.

AURORA, rising from her couch beside  
The famed Tithonus, brought the light of day  
To men and to immortals. Then the gods  
Came to their seats in council. With them  
came

High thundering Jupiter, amongst them all  
The mightiest. Pallas, mindful of the past,  
Spoke of Ulysses and his many woes,  
Grieved that he still was with the island  
nymph.

“ Oh, father Jove, and all ye blessed ones  
Who live forever ! let not sceptred king  
Henceforth, be gracious, mild, and merciful,  
And righteous ; rather be he deaf to prayer,  
And prone to deeds of wrong, since no one now  
Remembers the divine Ulysses more  
Among the people over whom he ruled,  
Benignly, like a father. Still he lies,  
Weighed down by many sorrows, in the isle  
And dwelling of Calypso, who so long  
Constrains his stay. To his dear native land  
Depart he cannot ; ship, arrayed with oars,  
And seamen has he none, to bear him o’er  
The breast of the broad ocean. Nay, even now,  
Against his well-beloved son a plot  
Is laid, to slay him as he journeys home  
From Pylos the divine, and from the walls  
Of famous Sparta, whither he had gone  
To gather tidings of his father’s fate.”

Then answered her the ruler of the storms :  
“ My child, what words are these that pass thy  
lips ?

Was not thy long-determined counsel this,  
That, in good time, Ulysses should return,  
To be avenged? Guide, then, Telemachus,  
Wisely, for so thou canst, that, all unharmed,  
He reach his native land, and, in their barks,  
Homeward the suitor-train retrace their way."

He spoke, and turned to Hermes, his dear  
son :

"Hermes, for thou, in this, my messenger  
Art, as in all things, to the bright-haired  
nymph

Make known my steadfast purpose, the return  
Of suffering Ulysses. Neither gods  
Nor men shall guide his voyage. On a raft,  
Made firm with bands, he shall depart and  
reach,

After long hardships, on the twentieth day,  
The fertile shore of Scheria, on whose isle  
Dwell the Pheacians, kinsmen of the gods.  
They like a god shall honor him, and thence  
Send him to his loved country in a ship,

With ample gifts of brass and gold, and store  
Of raiment—wealth like which he ne'er had  
brought

From conquered Ilion, had he reached his home  
Safely, with all his portion of the spoil.

So is it preordained, that he behold  
His friends again, and stand once more within  
His high-roofed palace, on his native soil.”

He spake ; the herald Argicide obeyed,  
And hastily beneath his feet he bound  
The fair, ambrosial, golden sandals, worn  
To bear him over ocean like the wind,  
And o'er the boundless land. His wand he  
took,

Wherewith he softly seals the eyes of men,  
And opens them at will from sleep. With this  
In hand, the mighty Argos-queller flew,  
And lighting on Pieria, from the sky  
Plunged downward to the deep, and skimmed  
its face

Like hovering sea-mew, that on the broad gulfs

Of the unfruitful ocean seeks her prey,  
And often dips her pinions in the brine,  
So Hermes flew along the waste of waves.

But when he reached that island, far away,  
Forth from the dark blue ocean-swell he  
stepped .

Upon the sea-beach, walking till he came  
To the vast cave in which the bright-haired  
nymph

Made her abode. He found the nymph within.  
A fire blazed brightly on the hearth, and far  
Was wafted o'er the isle the fragrant smoke  
Of cloven cedar, burning in the flame,  
And cypress wood. Meanwhile, in her recess,  
She sweetly sang, as busily she threw  
The golden shuttle through the web she wove.  
And all about the grotto alders grew,  
And poplars, and sweet-smelling cypresses,  
In a green forest, high among whose boughs  
Birds of broad wing, wood-owls and falcons,  
built

Their nests, and crows, with voices sounding  
far,

All haunting for their food the ocean side.

A vine, with downy leaves and clustering  
grapes,

Orept over all the cavern rock. Four springs  
Poured forth their glittering waters in a row,  
And here and there went wandering side by  
side.

Around were meadows of soft green, o'ergrown  
With violets and parsley. 'Twas a spot  
Where even an Immortal might, awhile,  
Linger, and gaze with wonder and delight.  
The herald Argos-queller stood, and saw,  
And marvelled ; but as soon as he had viewed  
The wonders of the place, he turned his steps,  
Entering the broad-roofed cave. Calypso there,  
The glorious goddess, saw him as he came,  
And knew him, for the ever-living gods  
Are to each other known, though one may  
dwell

Far from the rest. Ulysses, large of heart,  
Was not within. Apart, upon the shore,  
He sat and sorrowed, where he oft, in tears  
And sighs and vain repinings, passed the  
hours,

Gazing with wet eyes on the barren deep.

Now, placing Hermes on a shining seat

Of state, Calypso, glorious goddess, said,

“Thou of the golden wand, revered and  
loved,

What, Hermes, brings thee hither? Passing  
few

Have been thy visits. Make thy pleasure  
known,

My heart enjoins me to obey, if aught

That thou commandest be within my power,

But first accept the offerings due a guest.”

The goddess, speaking thus, before him  
placed

A table where the heaped ambrosia lay,

And mingled the red nectar. Ate and drank



The herald Argos-queller, and, refreshed,  
Answered the nymph, and made his message  
known :

“ Art thou a goddess, and dost ask of me,  
A god, why came I hither ? Yet, since thou  
Requiest, I will truly tell the cause.  
I came unwillingly at Jove's command,  
For who, of choice, would traverse the wide  
waste

Of the salt ocean, with no city near,  
Where men adore the gods with solemn rites  
And chosen hecatombs. No god has power  
To elude or to resist the purposes  
Of ægis-bearing Jove. With thee abides,  
He bids me say, the most unhappy man  
Of all who round the city of Priam waged  
The battle through nine years, and, in the  
tenth,

Laying it waste, departed for their homes.  
But, in their voyage, they provoked the wrath  
Of Pallas, who called up the furious winds

And angry waves against them. By his side  
Sank all his gallant comrades in the deep.  
Him did the winds and waves drive hither.

Him

Jove bids thee send away with speed, for here  
He must not perish, far from all he loves.  
So is it preordained that he behold  
His friends again, and stand once more within  
His high-roofed palace, on his native soil."

He spoke, Calypso, glorious goddess, heard,  
And shuddered, and with wingèd words replied :

" Ye are unjust, ye gods, and, envious far  
Beyond all other beings, cannot bear  
That ever goddess openly should make  
A mortal man her consort. Thus it was  
When once Aurora, rosy-fingered, took  
Orion for her husband ; ye were stung,  
Amid your blissful lives, with envious hate,  
Till chaste Diana, of the golden throne,  
Smote him with silent arrows from her bow,

And slew him in Ortygia. Thus, again,  
When bright-haired Ceres, swayed by her own  
heart,

In fields which bore three yearly harvests, met  
Iasion as a lover, this was known  
Ere long to Jupiter, who flung from high  
A flaming thunderbolt, and laid him dead.  
And now ye envy me, that with me dwells  
A mortal man. I saved him, as he clung,  
Alone, upon his floating keel, for Jove  
Had cloven, with a bolt of fire, from heaven,  
His galley in the midst of the black sea,  
And all his gallant comrades perished there.  
Him kindly I received ; I cherished him,  
And promised him a life that ne'er should know  
Decay or death. But, since no god has power  
To elude or to withstand the purposes  
Of ægis-bearing Jove, let him depart,  
If so the sovereign moves him and commands,  
Over the barren deep. I send him not ;  
For neither ship arrayed with oars have I,

Nor seamen, o'er the boundless waste of waves  
To bear him hence. My counsel I will give,  
And nothing will I hide that he should know,  
To place him safely on his native shore."

The herald Argos-queller answered her :  
"Dismiss him thus, and bear in mind the  
wrath

Of Jove, lest it be kindled against thee."

Thus having said, the mighty Argicide  
Departed, and the nymph, who now had heard  
The doom of Jove, sought the great-hearted  
man,

Ulysses. Him she found beside the deep,  
Seated alone, with eyes from which the tears  
Were never dried, for now no more the nymph  
Delighted him ; he wasted his sweet life  
In yearning for his home. Night after night  
He slept constrained within the hollow cave,  
The unwilling by the fond, and, day by day,  
He sat upon the rocks that edged the shore,  
And in continual weeping and in sighs

And vain repinings, wore the hours away,  
Gazing through tears upon the barren deep.  
The glorious goddess stood by him and spoke :

“ Unhappy ! sit no longer sorrowing here,  
Nor waste life thus. Lo ! I most willingly  
Dismiss thee hence. Rise, hew down trees,  
and bind

Their trunks, with brazen clamps, into a raft,  
And fasten planks above, a lofty floor,  
That it may bear thee o’er the dark blue deep.  
Bread will I put on board, water, and wine,  
Red wine, that cheers the heart, and wrap thee  
well

In garments, and send after thee the wind,  
That safely thou attain thy native shore ;  
If so the gods permit thee, who abide  
In the broad heaven above, and better know  
By far than I, and far more wisely judge.”

Ulysses, the great sufferer, as she spoke,  
Shuddered, and thus with wingèd words re-  
plied :

“Some other purpose than to send me home  
Is in thy heart, oh goddess, bidding me  
To cross this frightful sea upon a raft,  
The perilous sea, where never even ships  
Pass with their rapid keels, though Jove bestow  
The wind that glads the seaman. Nay, I climb  
No raft, against thy wish, unless thou swear  
The great oath of the gods, that thou, in this,  
Dost meditate no other harm to me.”

He spake; Calypso, glorious goddess,  
smiled,  
And smoothed his forehead with her hand, and  
said :

“Perverse ! and slow to see where guile is  
not !  
How could thy heart permit thee thus to speak ?  
Now bear me witness, Earth, and ye broad  
Heavens  
Above us, and ye waters of the Styx  
That flow beneath us, mightiest oath of all,  
And most revered by all the blessed gods,

That I design no other harm to thee ;  
 But that I plan for thee and counsel thee  
 What I would do were I in need like thine.  
 I bear a juster mind ; my bosom holds  
 A pitying heart, and not a heart of steel."

Thus having said, the glorious goddess  
 moved

Away with hasty steps, and where she trod  
 He followed, till they reached the vaulted cave,  
 The goddess and the hero. There he took  
 The seat whence Hermes had just risen. The  
 nymph

Brought forth whatever mortals eat and drink  
 To set before him. She, right opposite  
 To that of great Ulysses, took her seat.  
 Ambrosia there her maidens laid, and there  
 Poured nectar. Both put forth their hands,  
 and took

The ready viands, till at length the calls  
 Of hunger and of thirst were satisfied ;  
 Calypso, glorious goddess, then began :

“ Son of Laertes, man of many wiles,  
High-born Ulysses ! Thus wilt thou depart  
Home to thy native country ? Then farewell ;  
But, couldst thou know the sufferings Fate ordains

For thee ere yet thou landest on its shore,  
Thou wouldst remain to keep this home with  
me,

And be immortal, strong as is thy wish  
To see thy wife—a wish that, day by day,  
Possesses thee. I cannot deem myself  
In form or face less beautiful than she.  
For never with immortals can the race  
Of mortal dames in form or face compare.”

Ulysses, the sagacious, answered her,  
“ Bear with me, gracious goddess ; well I know  
All thou couldst say. The sage Penelope  
In feature and in stature comes not nigh  
To thee ; for she is mortal, deathless thou  
And ever young ; yet, day by day, I long  
To be at home once more, and pine to see .



The hour of my return. Even though some  
god

Smite me on the black ocean, I shall bear  
The stroke, for in my bosom dwells a mind  
Patient of suffering ; much have I endured,  
And much survived, in tempests on the deep,  
And in the battle ; let this happen too."

He spoke ; the sun went down ; the night  
came on,

And now the twain withdrew to a recess  
Deep in the vaulted cave, where, side by side,  
They took their rest. But when the child of  
dawn,

Aurora, rosy-fingered, looked abroad,  
Ulysses put his vest and mantle on ;  
The nymph too, in a robe of silver white,  
Ample, and delicate, and beautiful,  
Arrayed herself, and round about her loins  
Wound a fair golden girdle, drew a veil  
Over her head, and planned to send away  
Magnanimous Ulysses. She bestowed

A heavy axe, of steel, and double edged,  
Well fitted to the hand, the handle wrought  
Of olive wood, firm set, and beautiful.  
A polished adze she gave him next, and led  
The way to a far corner of the isle,  
Where lofty trees, alders and poplars, stood,  
And firs that reached the clouds, sapless and dry  
Long since, and fitter thus to ride the waves.  
Then, having shown where grew the tallest  
trees,

Calypso, glorious goddess, sought her home.

Trees then he felled, and soon the task was  
done.

Twenty in all he brought to earth, and squared  
Their trunks with the sharp steel, and carefully  
He smoothed their sides, and wrought them by  
a line.

Calypso, gracious goddess, having brought  
Wimbles, he bored the beams, and, fitting them  
Together, made them fast with nails and  
clamps.

As when some builder, skilful in his art,  
Frames, for a ship of burden, the broad keel,  
Such ample breadth Ulysses gave the raft.  
Upon the massy beams he reared a deck,  
And floored it with long planks from end to  
end.

On this a mast he raised, and to the mast  
Fitted a yard ; he shaped a rudder neat,  
To guide the raft along her course, and round  
With woven work of willow boughs he fenced  
Her sides against the dashings of the sea.  
Calypso, gracious goddess, brought him store  
Of canvas, which he fitly shaped to sails,  
And, rigging her with cords, and ropes, and  
stays,

Heaved her with levers into the great deep.

'Twas the fourth day ; his labors now were  
done,

And, on the fifth, the goddess from her isle  
Dismissed him, newly from the bath, arrayed  
In garments given by her, that shed perfumes.

A skin of dark red wine she put on board,  
A larger one of water, and for food  
A basket, stored with viands such as please  
The appetite. A friendly wind and soft  
She sent before. The great Ulysses spread  
His canvas joyfully, to catch the breeze,  
And sat and guided with nice care the helm,  
Gazing with fixed eye on the Pleiades,  
Boötes setting late, and the Great Bear,  
By others called the Wain, which, wheeling  
round,  
Looks ever toward Orion, and alone  
Dips not into the waters of the deep.  
For so Calypso, glorious goddess, bade  
That, on his ocean journey, he should keep  
That constellation ever on his left.  
Now seventeen days were in the voyage past,  
And on the eighteenth shadowy heights ap-  
peared,  
The nearest point of the Pheacian land,  
Lying on the dark ocean like a shield.

But mighty Neptune, coming from among  
 The Ethiopians, saw him. Far away  
 He saw, from mountain heights of Solyma,  
 The voyager, and burned with fiercer wrath,  
 And shook his head, and said within himself:

“Strange! now I see the gods have new  
 designs

For this Ulysses, formed while I was yet  
 In Ethiopia. He draws near the land  
 Of the Phœacians, where it is decreed  
 He shall o’erpass the boundary of his woes;  
 But first, I think, he will have much to bear.”

He spoke, and round about him called the  
 clouds

And roused the ocean, wielding in his hand  
 The trident, summoned all the hurricanes  
 Of all the winds, and covered earth and sky  
 At once with mists, while from above, the night  
 Fell suddenly. The east wind and the south  
 Rushed forth at once, with the strong-blowing  
 west,

And the clear north rolled up his mighty waves.  
Ulysses trembled in his knees and heart,  
And thus to his great soul, lamenting, said :

“ What will become of me ? unhappy man !  
I fear that all the goddess said was true,  
Foretelling what disasters should o’ertake  
My voyage, ere I reach my native land.  
Now are her words fulfilled. How Jupiter  
Wraps the great heaven in clouds and stirs the  
deep

To tumult ! Wilder grow the hurricanes  
Of all the winds, and now my fate is sure.  
Thrice happy, four times happy they, who fell  
On Troy’s wide field, warring for Atreus’ sons.  
Oh, had I met my fate and perished there,  
That very day on which the Trojan host,  
Around the dead Achilles, hurled at me  
Their brazen javelins ; I had then received  
Due burial and great glory with the Greeks ;  
Now must I die a miserable death.”

As thus he spoke, upon him, from on high,

A huge and frightful billow broke ; it whirled  
The raft around, and far from it he fell.  
His hands let go the rudder ; a fierce rush  
Of all the winds together snapped in twain  
The mast ; far off the yard and canvas flew  
Into the deep ; the billow held him long  
Beneath the waters, and he strove in vain  
Quickly to rise to air from that huge swell  
Of ocean, for the garments weighed him down  
Which fair Calypso gave him. But, at length,  
Emerging, he rejected from his throat  
The bitter brine that down his forehead  
streamed.

Even then, though hopeless with dismay, his  
thought

Was on the raft, and, struggling through the  
waves,

He seized it, sprang on board, and seated there  
Escaped the threatened death. Still to and fro  
The rolling billows drove it. As the wind  
In autumn sweeps the thistles o'er the field,

Clinging together, so the blasts of heaven  
Hither and thither drove it o'er the sea.  
And now the south wind flung it to the north  
To buffet ; now the east wind to the west.

Ino Leucothea saw him clinging there,  
The delicate-footed child of Cadmus, once  
A mortal, speaking with a mortal voice,  
Though now, within the ocean-gulfs, she shares  
The honors of the gods. With pity she  
Beheld Ulysses struggling thus distressed,  
And, rising from the abyss below, in form  
A cormorant, the sea-nymph took her perch  
On the well-banded raft, and thus she said :

“ Ah, luckless man, how hast thou angered  
thus

Earth-shaking Neptune, that he visits thee  
With these disasters ? Yet he cannot take,  
Although he seek it earnestly, thy life.  
Now do my bidding, for thou seemest wise.  
Laying aside thy garments, let the raft  
Drift with the winds, while thou, by strength  
of arm,



Makest thy way in swimming to the land  
 Of the Pheacians, where thy safety lies.  
 Receive this veil and bind its heavenly woof  
 Beneath thy breast, and have no further fear  
 Of hardship or of danger. But, as soon  
 As thou shalt touch the island, take it off,  
 And turn away thy face, and fling it far  
 From where thou standest, into the black deep."

The goddess gave the veil as thus she spoke,  
 And to the tossing deep went down, in form  
 A cormorant; the black wave covered her.  
 But still Ulysses, mighty sufferer,  
 Pondered, and thus to his great soul he said :

"Ah me! perhaps some god is planning  
 here

Some other fraud against me, bidding me  
 Forsake my raft. I will not yet obey,  
 For still far off I see the land in which  
 'Tis said my refuge lies. This will I do,  
 For this seems wisest. While the fastenings last  
 That hold these timbers, I will keep my place

And bide the tempest here. But when the  
waves

Shall dash my raft in pieces, I will swim,  
For nothing better will remain to do."

As he revolved this purpose in his mind,  
Earth-shaking Neptune sent a mighty wave,  
Horrid, and huge, and high, and where he sat  
It smote him. As a violent wind uplifts  
The dry chaff heaped upon a threshing floor,  
And sends it scattered through the air abroad,  
So did that wave fling loose the ponderous  
beams.

To one of these, Ulysses, clinging fast,  
Bestrode it, like a horseman on his steed ;  
And now he took the garments off, bestowed  
By fair Calypso, binding round his breast  
The veil, and forward plunged into the deep,  
With palms outspread, prepared to swim.

Meanwhile,  
Neptune beheld him, Neptune, mighty king,  
And shook his head, and said within himself,

“Go thus, and, laden with mischances,  
roam

The waters, till thou come among the race  
Cherished by Jupiter ; but well I deem  
Thou wilt not find thy share of suffering light.”

Thus having spoke, he urged his coursers on,  
With their fair flowing manes, until he came  
To Ægæ, where his glorious palace stands.

But Pallas, child of Jove, had other  
thoughts.

She stayed the course of every wind beside,  
And bade them rest, and lulled them into  
sleep,

But summoned the swift north to break the  
waves,

That so Ulysses, the high-born, escaped  
From death and from the fates, might be the  
guest

Of the Pheacians, men who love the sea.

Two days and nights, among the mighty  
waves

He floated, oft his heart foreboding death,  
But when the bright-haired Eos had fulfilled  
The third day's course, and all the winds were  
laid,

And calm was on the watery waste, he saw  
That land was near, as, lifted on the crest  
Of a huge swell, he looked with sharpened  
sight ;

And as a father's life preserved makes glad  
His children's heart, when long-time he has  
lain

Sick, wrung with pain, and wasting by the  
power

Of some malignant genius, till, at length,  
The gracious gods bestow a welcome cure ;  
So welcome to Ulysses was the sight  
Of woods and fields. By swimming on he  
thought

To climb and tread the shore, but when he drew  
So near that one who shouted could be heard  
From land, the sound of ocean on the rocks

Came to his ear, for there huge breakers roared  
And spouted fearfully, and all around  
Was covered with the sea-foam. Haven here  
Was none for ships, nor sheltering creek, but  
shores

Beetling from high, and crags and walls of rock.  
Ulysses trembled both in knees and heart,  
And thus, to his great soul, lamenting, said :

“Now woe is me! as soon as Jove has  
shown

What I had little hoped to see, the land,  
And I through all these waves have ploughed  
my way,

I find no issue from the hoary deep.  
For sharp rocks border it, and all around  
Roar the wild surges ; slippery cliffs arise  
Close to deep gulfs, and footing there is none,  
Where I might plant my steps and thus escape.  
All effort now were fruitless to resist  
The mighty billow hurrying me away  
To dash me on the pointed rocks. If yet

I strive, by swimming further, to desery  
Some sloping shore or harbor of the isle,  
I fear the tempest, lest it hurl me back,  
Heavily groaning, to the fishy deep.  
Or huge sea monster, from the multitude  
Which sovereign Amphitrite feeds, be sent  
Against me by some god, for well I know  
The power who shakes the shores is wroth with  
me.”

While he revolved these doubts within his  
mind

A huge wave hurled him toward the rugged  
coast.

Then had his limbs been flayed, and all his  
bones

Broken at once, had not the blue-eyed maid,  
Minerva, prompted him. Borne toward the rock,  
He clutched it instantly, with both his hands,  
And, panting, clung, till that huge wave rolled  
by,

And so escaped its fury. Back it came,

And smote him once again, and flung him far  
 Seaward. As to the claws of polypus,  
 Plucked from its bed, the pebbles thickly cling,  
 So flakes of skin, from off his powerful hands,  
 Were left upon the rock. The mighty surge  
 O'erwhelmed him; he had perished ere his  
     time,

Hapless Ulysses, but the blue-eyed maid  
 Pallas, informed his mind with wisdom.

Straight

Emerging from the wave that shoreward rolled,  
 He swam along the coast and eyed it well,  
 In hope of sloping beach or sheltered creek.

But when, in swimming, he had reached the  
     mouth

Of a soft-flowing river, here appeared  
 The spot he wished for, smooth, without a rock,  
 And here was shelter from the wind. He felt  
 The current's flow, and thus devoutly prayed :

“Hear me, oh sovereign power, whoe'er  
     thou art !

To thee, the long desired, I come. I seek  
Escape from Neptune's threatenings on the sea.  
The deathless gods respect the prayer of him  
Who looks to them for help, a fugitive,  
As I am now, when to thy stream I come,  
And to thy knees, from many a hardship past,  
Oh thou that here art ruler, I declare  
Myself thy suppliant ; be thou merciful."

He spoke ; the river stayed his current,  
checked  
The billows, smoothed them to a calm, and  
gave  
The swimmer a safe landing at his mouth.  
Then dropped his knees and sinewy arms, at  
once  
Unstrung, for faint with struggling was his  
heart.  
His body was all swoln ; the brine gushed  
forth  
From mouth and nostrils ; all unnerved he lay,  
Breathless and speechless ; utter weariness



O'ermastered him. But when he breathed  
again,

And his flown senses had returned, he loosed  
The veil that Ino gave him from his breast,  
And to the salt flood cast it. A great wave  
Bore it far down the stream; the goddess there  
In her own hands received it. He, meanwhile,  
Withdrawing from the brink, lay down among  
The reeds, and kissed the harvest-bearing earth,  
And thus to his great soul, lamenting, said :

“ Ah me ! what must I suffer more ! what  
yet

Will happen to me ? If, by the river's side,  
I pass the unfriendly watches of the night,  
The cruel cold and dews that steep the bank  
May, in this weakness, end me utterly  
For chilly blows the river air at dawn.  
But should I climb this hill, to sleep within  
The shadowy wood, among thick shrubs, if cold  
And weariness allow me, then I fear,  
That, while the pleasant slumbers o'er me steal,  
I may become the prey of savage beasts.”

Yet, as he longer pondered this seemed  
best.

He rose and sought the wood, and found it near  
The water, on a height, o'erlooking far  
The region round. Between two shrubs, that  
sprung

Both from one spot, he entered,—olive trees,  
One wild, one fruitful. The damp-blowing  
wind

Ne'er pierced their covert ; never blazing sun  
Darted his beams within, nor pelting shower  
Beat through, so closely intertwined they grew.  
Here entering, Ulysses heaped a bed  
Of leaves with his own hands ; he made it  
broad

And high, for thick the leaves had fallen  
around.

Two men and three, in that abundant store,  
Might bide the winter storm, though keen the  
cold.

Ulysses, the great sufferer, on his couch

Looked and rejoiced, and placed himself with-  
in,  
And heaped the leaves high o'er him and  
around.

As one who, dwelling in the distant fields,  
Without a neighbor near him, hides a brand  
In the dark ashes, keeping carefully  
The seeds of fire alive, lest he, perforce,  
To light his hearth must bring them from afar ;  
So did Ulysses, in that pile of leaves,  
Bury himself, while Pallas o'er his eyes  
Poured sleep and closed his lids, that he might  
take,  
After his painful toils, the fitting rest.

Revised November 15, 1862.

## THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE SNOW.

*Alice.*—One of your old world stories, Uncle John,  
Such as you tell us by the winter fire,  
Till we all wonder it has grown so late.

*Uncle John.*—The story of the witch that  
ground to death  
Two children in her mill, or will you have  
The tale of Goody Cutpurse?

*Alice.*— Nay now, nay ;  
Those stories are too childish, Uncle John,  
Too childish even for little Willy here,  
And I am older, two good years, than he ;

No, let us have a tale of elves that ride,  
By night, with jingling reins, or gnomes of the  
mine,

Or water-fairies, such as you know how  
To spin, till Willy's eyes forget to wink,  
And good Aunt Mary, busy as she is,  
Lays down her knitting.

*Uncle John.*— Listen to me, then.

'Twas in the olden time, long, long ago,  
And long before the great oak at our door  
Was yet an acorn, on a mountain's side  
Lived, with his wife, a cottager. They dwelt  
Beside a glen and near a dashing brook,  
A pleasant spot in spring, where first the wren  
Was heard to chatter, and, among the grass,  
Flowers opened earliest; but, when winter  
came,

That little brook was fringed with other flow-  
ers,—

White flowers, with crystal leaf and stem, that  
grew

In clear November nights. And, later still,  
That mountain glen was filled with drifted  
                  snows

From side to side, that one might walk across,  
While, many a fathom deep, below, the brook  
Sang to itself, and leaped and trotted on  
Unfrozen, o'er its pebbles, toward the vale.

*Alice.*—A mountain's side, you said; the  
          Alps, perhaps,  
Or our own Alleghanies.

*Uncle John.*—                  Not so fast,  
My young geographer, for then the Alps,  
With their broad pastures, haply were untrod  
Of herdsman's foot, and never human voice  
Had sounded in the woods that overhang  
Our Alleghany's streams. I think it was  
Upon the slopes of the great Caucasus,  
Or where the rivulets of Ararat  
Seek the Armenian vales. That mountain rose  
So high, that, on its top, the winter snow  
Was never melted, and the cottagers

Among the summer blossoms, far below,  
Saw its white peaks in August from their door.

One little maiden, in that cottage home,  
Dwelt with her parents, light of heart and limb,  
Bright, restless, thoughtless, flitting here and  
there,

Like sunshine on the uneasy ocean waves,  
And sometimes she forgot what she was bid,  
As Alice does.

*Alice.*— Or Willy, quite as oft.

*Uncle John.*—But you are older, Alice, two  
good years,  
And should be wiser. Eva was the name  
Of this young maiden, now twelve summers  
old.

Now you must know that, in those early  
times,  
When autumn days grew pale, there came a  
troop  
Of childlike forms from that cold mountain  
top;

With trailing garments through the air they  
came,  
Or walked the ground with girded loins, and  
threw  
Spangles of silvery frost upon the grass,  
And edged the brook with glistening parapets,  
And built it crystal bridges, touched the pool,  
And turned its face to glass, or, rising thence,  
They shook, from their full laps, the soft, light  
snow,  
And buried the great earth, as autumn winds  
Bury the forest floor in heaps of leaves.

A beautiful race were they, with baby brows,  
And fair, bright locks, and voices like the sound  
Of steps on the crisp snow, in which they  
talked  
With man, as friend with friend. A merry  
sight  
It was, when, crowding round the traveller,  
They smote him with their heaviest snow flakes,  
flung



Needles of frost in handfuls at his cheeks,  
And, of the light wreaths of his smoking breath,  
Wove a white fringe for his brown beard, and  
laughed

Their slender laugh to see him wink and grin  
And make grim faces as he floundered on.

But, when the spring came on, what terror  
reigned

Among these Little People of the Snow !

To them the sun's warm beams were shafts of  
fire,

And the soft south wind was the wind of death.

Away they flew, all with a pretty scowl

Upon their childish faces, to the north,

Or scampered upward to the mountain's top,

And there defied their enemy, the Spring ;

Skiping and dancing on the frozen peaks,

And moulding little snow-balls in their palms,

And rolling them, to crush her flowers below,

Down the steep snow-fields.

*Alice.*— That, too, must have been  
A merry sight to look at.

*Uncle John.*— You are right,  
But I must speak of graver matters now.

Mid-winter was the time, and Eva stood,  
Within the cottage, all prepared to dare  
The outer cold, with ample furry robe  
Close belted round her waist, and boots of fur,  
And a broad kerchief, which her mother's  
hand  
Had closely drawn about her ruddy cheek.  
“Now, stay not long abroad,” said the good  
dame,  
“For sharp is the outer air, and, mark me well,  
Go not upon the snow beyond the spot  
Where the great linden bounds the neighboring  
field.”

The little maiden promised, and went forth,  
And climbed the rounded snow-swells firm with  
frost  
Beneath her feet, and slid, with balancing arms,  
Into the hollows. Once, as up a drift  
She slowly rose, before her, in the way,

She saw a little creature lily-cheeked,  
 With flowing flaxen locks, and faint blue eyes,  
 That gleamed like ice, and robe that only  
 seemed

Of a more shadowy whiteness than her cheek.  
 On a smooth bank she sat.

*Alice.*— She must have been  
 One of your Little People of the Snow.

*Uncle John.*—She was so, and, as Eva now  
 drew near,

The tiny creature bounded from her seat;  
 “And come,” she said, “my pretty friend; to-  
 day

We will be playmates. I have watched thee  
 long,

And seen how well thou lov’st to walk these  
 drifts,

And scoop their fair sides into little cells,  
 And carve them with quaint figures, huge-  
 limbed men,

Lions, and griffins. We will have, to-day,

A merry ramble over these bright fields,  
And thou shalt see what thou hast never seen."

On went the pair, until they reached the  
bound

Where the great linden stood, set deep in snow,  
Up to the lower branches. "Here we stop,"  
Said Eva, "for my mother has my word  
That I will go no further than this tree."  
Then the snow-maiden laughed; "And what is  
this?

This fear of the pure snow, the innocent snow,  
That never harmed aught living? Thou may'st  
roam

For leagues beyond this garden, and return  
In safety; here the grim wolf never prowls,  
And here the eagle of our mountain crags  
Preys not in winter. I will show the way  
And bring thee safely home. Thy mother,  
sure,  
Counselled thee thus because thou hadst no  
guide."

By such smooth words was Eva won to  
break

Her promise, and went on with her new friend,  
Over the glistening snow and down a bank  
Where a white shelf, wrought by the eddying  
wind,

Like to a billow's crest in the great sea,  
Curtained an opening. "Look, we enter here."  
And straight, beneath the fair o'erhanging  
fold,

Entered the little pair that hill of snow,  
Walking along a passage with white walls,  
And a white vault above where snow-stars  
shed

A wintry twilight. Eva moved in awe,  
And held her peace, but the snow-maiden  
smiled,

And talked and tripped along, as, down the  
way,

Deeper they went into that mountainous  
drift.

And now the white walls widened, and the  
    vault  
Swelled upward, like some vast cathedral dome,  
Such as the Florentine, who bore the name  
Of heaven's most potent angel, reared, long  
    since,  
Or the unknown builder of that wondrous fane,  
The glory of Burgos. Here a garden lay,  
In which the Little People of the Snow  
Were wont to take their pastime when their  
    tasks  
Upon the mountain's side and in the clouds  
Were ended. Here they taught the silent frost  
To mock, in stem and spray, and leaf and flower,  
    er,  
The growths of summer. Here the palm up-  
    reared  
Its white columnar trunk and spotless sheaf  
Of plume-like leaves; here cedars, huge as  
    those  
Of Lebanon, stretched far their level boughs,

Yet pale and shadowless ; the sturdy oak  
Stood, with its huge gnarled roots of seeming  
    strength,  
Fast anchored in the glistening bank ; light  
    sprays  
Of myrtle, roses in their bud and bloom,  
Drooped by the winding walks ; yet all seemed  
    wrought  
Of stainless alabaster ; up the trees  
Ran the lithe jessamine, with stalk and leaf  
Colorless as her flowers. "Go softly on,"  
Said the snow maiden ; "touch not, with thy  
    hand,  
The frail creation round thee, and beware  
To sweep it with thy skirts. Now look above.  
How sumptuously these bowers are lighted up  
With shifting gleams that softly come and go.  
These are the northern lights, such as thou  
    seest  
In the midwinter nights, cold, wandering  
    flames,

That float, with our processions, through the  
air ;

And here, within our winter palaces,  
Mimic the glorious daybreak." Then she told  
How, when the wind, in the long winter nights,  
Swept the light snows into the hollow dell,  
She and her comrades guided to its place  
Each wandering flake, and piled them quaintly  
up,

In shapely colonnade and glistening arch,  
With shadowy aisles between, or bade them  
grow,

Beneath their little hands, to bowery walks  
In gardens such as these, and, o'er them all,  
Built the broad roof. "But thou hast yet to  
see

A fairer sight," she said, and led the way  
To where a window of pellucid ice  
Stood in the wall of snow, beside their path.  
"Look, but thou mayst not enter." Eva  
looked,



And lo! a glorious hall, from whose high vault  
Stripes of soft light, ruddy, and delicate green,  
And tender blue, flowed downward to the floor  
And far around, as if the aerial hosts,  
That march on high by night, with beamy  
spears,

And streaming banners, to that place had  
brought

Their radiant flags to grace a festival.

And in that hall a joyous multitude  
Of those by whom its glistening walls were  
reared,

Whirled in a merry dance to silvery sounds,  
That rang from cymbals of transparent ice,  
And ice-cups, quivering to the skilful touch  
Of little fingers. Round and round they flew,  
As when, in spring, about a chimney top,  
A cloud of twittering swallows, just returned,  
Wheel round and round, and turn and wheel  
again,

Unwinding their swift track. So rapidly

Flowed the meandering stream of that fair  
dance,

Beneath that dome of light. Bright eyes that  
looked

From under lily brows, and gauzy scarfs  
Sparkling like snow-wreaths in the early sun,  
Shot by the window in their mazy whirl.

And there stood Eva, wondering at the sight  
Of those bright revellers and that graceful  
sweep

Of motion as they passed her ;—long she gazed,  
And listened long to the sweet sounds that  
thrilled

The frosty air, till now the encroaching cold  
Recalled her to herself. “Too long, too long  
I linger here,” she said, and then she sprang  
Into the path, and with a hurried step  
Followed it upward. Ever by her side  
Her little guide kept pace. As on they went  
Eva bemoaned her fault ; “What must they  
think—

The dear ones in the cottage, while so long,  
 Hour after hour, I stay without? I know  
 That they will seek me far and near, and weep  
 To find me not. How could I, wickedly  
 Neglect the charge they gave me?" As she  
     spoke,

The hot tears started to her eyes; she knelt  
 In the mid path. "Father! forgive this sin;  
 Forgive myself I cannot"—thus she prayed,  
 And rose and hastened onward. When, at  
     last,

They reached the outer air, the clear north  
     breathed

A bitter cold, from which she shrank with  
     dread,

But the snow-maiden bounded as she felt  
 The cutting blast, and uttered shouts of joy,  
 And skipped, with boundless glee, from drift to  
     drift,

And danced round Eva, as she labored up  
 The mounds of snow, "Ah me! I feel my eyes

Grow heavy," Eva said; "they swim with  
sleep;

I cannot walk for utter weariness,  
And I must rest a moment on this bank,  
But let it not be long." As thus she spoke,  
In half-formed words, she sank on the smooth  
snow,

With closing lids. Her guide composed the  
robe

About her limbs, and said, "A pleasant spot  
Is this to slumber in; on such a couch  
Oft have I slept away the winter night,  
And had the sweetest dreams." So Eva slept,  
But slept in death; for when the power of frost  
Locks up the motions of the living frame,  
The victim passes to the realm of Death  
Through the dim porch of Sleep. The little  
guide,

Watching beside her, saw the hues of life  
Fade from the fair smooth brow and rounded  
cheek,

As fades the crimson from a morning cloud,  
Till they were white as marble, and the breath  
Had ceased to come and go, yet knew she not  
At first that this was death. But when she  
marked

How deep the paleness was, how motionless  
That once lithe form, a fear came over her.  
She strove to wake the sleeper, plucked her  
robe,

And shouted in her ear, but all in vain ;  
The life had passed away from those young  
limbs.

Then the snow-maiden raised a wailing cry,  
Such as the dweller in some lonely wild,  
Sleepless through all the long December night,  
Hears when the mournful East begins to blow.

But suddenly was heard the sound of steps,  
Grating on the crisp snow ; the cottagers  
Were seeking Eva ; from afar they saw  
The twain, and hurried toward them. As they  
came,

With gentle chidings ready on their lips,  
And marked that deathlike sleep, and heard the  
tale

Of the snow-maiden, mortal anguish fell  
Upon their hearts, and bitter words of grief  
And blame were uttered : " Cruel, cruel one,  
To tempt our daughter thus, and cruel we,  
Who suffered her to wander forth alone  
In this fierce cold." They lifted the dear  
child,

And bore her home and chafed her tender  
limbs,

And strove, by all the simple arts they knew,  
To make the chilled blood move, and win the  
breath

Back to her bosom ; fruitlessly they strove.  
The little maid was dead. In blank despair  
They stood, and gazed at her who never more  
Should look on them. " Why die we not with  
her ? "

They said ; " without her life is bitterness."

Now came the funeral day ; the simple folk  
Of all that pastoral region gathered round,  
To share the sorrow of the cottagers.  
They carved a way into the mound of snow  
To the glen's side, and dug a little grave  
In the smooth slope, and, following the bier,  
In long procession from the silent door,  
Chanted a sad and solemn melody.

“Lay her away to rest within the ground.  
Yea, lay her down whose pure and innocent  
    life  
Was spotless as these snows ; for she was  
    reared  
In love, and passed in love life's pleasant  
    spring,  
And all that now our tenderest love can do  
Is to give burial to her lifeless limbs.”

They paused. A thousand slender voices  
    round,  
Like echoes softly flung from rock and hill,  
Took up the strain, and all the hollow air

Seemed mourning for the dead ; for, on that  
day,

The Little People of the Snow had come,  
From mountain peak, and cloud, and icy hall,  
To Eva's burial. As the murmur died  
The funeral train renewed the solemn chant.

“Thou, Lord, hast taken her to be with  
Eve,

Whose gentle name was given her. Even so,  
For so Thy wisdom saw that it was best  
For her and us. We bring our bleeding hearts,  
And ask the touch of healing from Thy hand,  
As, with submissive tears, we render back  
The lovely and beloved to Him who gave.”

They ceased. Again the plaintive mur-  
mur rose.

From shadowy skirts of low-hung cloud it  
came,

And wide white fields, and fir-trees capped  
with snow,

Shivering to the sad sounds. They sank away  
To silence in the dim-seen distant woods.



The little grave was closed ; the funeral  
train

Departed ; winter wore away ; the spring  
Steeped, with her quickening rains, the violet  
tufts,

By fond hands planted where the maiden  
slept.

But, after Eva's burial, never more

The Little People of the Snow were seen

By human eye, nor ever human ear

Heard from their lips, articulate speech  
again ;

For a decree went forth to cut them off,

Forever, from communion with mankind.

The winter clouds, along the mountain-side,

Rolled downward toward the vale, but no fair  
form

Leaned from their folds, and, in the icy glens,

And aged woods, under snow-loaded pines,

Where once they made their haunt, was emp-  
tiness.

But ever, when the wintry days drew near,  
Around that little grave, in the long night,  
Frost-wreaths were laid and tufts of silvery  
    rime  
In shape like blades and blossoms of the field,  
As one would scatter flowers upon a bier.

## THE POET.

THOU, who wouldst wear the name

Of poet mid thy brethren of mankind,  
And clothe in words of flame

Thoughts that shall live within the general  
mind !

Deem not the framing of a deathless lay  
The pastime of a drowsy summer day.

But gather all thy powers,

And wreak them on the verse that thou dost  
weave,

And in thy lonely hours,

At silent morning or at wakeful eve,

While the warm current tingles through thy  
    veins,  
Set forth the burning words in fluent strains.

No smooth array of phrase,  
    Artfully sought and ordered though it be,  
Which the cold rhymers lays  
    Upon his page with languid industry,  
Can wake the listless pulse to livelier speed,  
Or fill with sudden tears the eyes that read.

The secret wouldst thou know  
    To touch the heart or fire the blood at will?  
Let thine own eyes o'erflow;  
    Let thy lips quiver with the passionate  
    thrill;  
Seize the great thought, ere yet its power be  
    past,  
And bind, in words, the fleet emotion fast.

Then, should thy verse appear

Halting and harsh, and all unaptly wrought,  
Touch the crude line with fear,

Save in the moment of impassioned thought ;  
Then summon back the original glow and  
mend

The strain with rapture that with fire was  
penned.

Yet let no empty gust

Of passion find an utterance in thy lay,  
A blast that whirls the dust

Along the howling street and dies away ;  
But feelings of calm power and mighty sweep,  
Like currents journeying through the windless  
deep.

Seek'st thou, in living lays,

To limn the beauty of the earth and sky ?  
Before thine inner gaze

Let all that beauty in clear vision lie ;

Look on it with exceeding love, and write  
The words inspired by wonder and delight.

Of tempests wouldst thou sing,  
Or tell of battles—make thyself a part  
Of the great tumult; cling  
To the tossed wreck with terror in thy heart;  
Scale, with the assaulting host, the rampart's  
height,  
And strike and struggle in the thickest fight.

So shalt thou frame a lay  
That haply may endure from age to age,  
And they who read shall say:  
What witchery hangs upon this poet's page!  
What art is his the written spells to find  
That sway from mood to mood the willing  
mind!

## NOTES.





## NOTES.

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### THE LOST BIRD.

READERS who are acquainted with the Spanish language may not be displeased at seeing the original of this little poem :

#### EL PAJARO PERDIDO.

Huyó con velo incierto,  
Y de mis ojos ha desaparecido,  
Mirad, si, á vuestro huerto,  
Mi pajarito querido,  
Niñas hermosas, por acaso ha huido.

Sus ojos relucientes  
Son como los del aguila orgullosa ;  
Plumas resplandecientes,  
En la cabeza ariosa,  
Lleva ; y su voz es tierna y armoniosa.

Mirad, si cuidadoso  
Junto á las flores se escondió en la grama.  
Ese laurel frondoso  
Mirad, rama por rama,  
Que él los laureles y les flores ama.

Si le hallais, per ventura,  
No os enamore su amoroso acento ;  
No os prende su hermosura ;  
Volvedmele al momento ;  
O dejadle, si no, libre en el viento.

Por que su pico de oro  
Solo en mi mano toma la semilla ;  
Y no enjugaré el lloro  
Que veis en mi mejilla,  
Hasta encontrar mi profugo avecilla.

Mi vista se oscurece,  
Si sus ojos no vé, que son mi día.  
Mi ánima desfallece  
Con la melancolia  
De no escucharle ya su melodía.

The literature of Spain at the present day has this peculiarity, that female writers have, in considerable number, entered into competition with the other sex. One of the most remarkable of these, as a writer of both prose and poetry, is Carolina Coronado de Perry, the author of the little poem here given. The poetical literature of Spain has felt the influence of the female mind in the infusion of a certain delicacy and tenderness, and the more frequent choice of subjects which interest the domestic affections. Concerning the verses of the lady already mentioned, Don Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch, one of the most accomplished Spanish critics of the present day, and himself a successful dramatic writer, says :

“If Carolina Coronado had, through modesty, sent her productions from Estremadura to Madrid under the name of a person of the other sex, it would still have been difficult for intelligent readers to persuade themselves that they were written by a man, or at least, con-

sidering their graceful sweetness, purity of tone, simplicity of conception, brevity of development, and delicate and particular choice of subject, we should be constrained to attribute them to one yet in his early youth, whom the imagination would represent as ingenuous, innocent and gay, who had scarce ever wandered beyond the flowery grove or pleasant valley where his cradle was rocked, and where he had been lulled to sleep by the sweetest songs of Francisco de la Torre, Garcilaso and Melendez."

The author of the *Pajaro Perdido*, according to a memoir of her by Angel Fernandez de los Rios, was born at Almendralejo, in Estremadura, in 1823. At the age of nine years she began to steal from sleep, after a day passed in various lessons, and in domestic occupations, several hours every night to read the poets of her country, and other books belonging to the library of the household, among which is mentioned as a proof of her vehement love of reading, the Critical History of Spain, by the Abbé Masuden, "and other works equally dry and prolix." She was afterwards sent to Badajoz, where she received the best education which the state of the country, then on fire with a civil war, would admit. Here the intensity of her application to her studies caused a severe malady, which has frequently recurred

in after life. At the age of thirteen years she wrote a poem entitled *La Palma*, which the author of her biography declares to be worthy of Herrera, and which led Espronceda, a poet of Estremadura, a man of genius, and the author of several translations from Byron, whom he resembled both in mental and personal characteristics, to address her an eulogistic sonnet. In 1843, when she was but twenty years old, a volume of her poems was published at Madrid, in which were included both that entitled *La Palma*, and the one I have given in this note. To this volume Hartzenbusch, in his admiration for her genius, prefaced an introduction.

The task of writing verses in Spanish is not difficult. Rhymes are readily found, and the language is easily moulded into metrical forms. Those who have distinguished themselves in this literature have generally made their first essays in verse. What is remarkable enough, the men who afterwards figure in political life mostly begin their career as the authors of madrigals. A poem introduces the future statesman to the public, as a speech at a popular meeting introduces the candidate for political distinction in this country. I have heard of but one of the eminent Spanish politicians of the present time, who made a boast that he was innocent of poetry, and if all

that his enemies say of him be true, it would have been well both for his country and his own fame, if he had been equally innocent of corrupt practices. The compositions of Carolina Coronado, even her earliest, do not deserve to be classed with the productions of which we have spoken, and which are simply the effect of inclination and facility. They possess the *mens divini*or.

In 1852 a collection of the poems of Carolina Coronado was brought out at Madrid, including those which were first published. The subjects are of larger variety than those which prompted her earlier productions; some of them are of a religious cast, others refer to political matters. One of them, which appears among the "Improvisations," is an energetic protest against erecting a new amphitheatre for bull-fights. The spirit of all her poetry is humane and friendly to the best interests of mankind.

Her writings in prose must not be overlooked. Among them is a novel entitled *Sigea*, founded on the adventures of Camoens; another entitled *Jorilla*, a beautiful story, full of pictures of rural life in Estremadura, which deserves, if it could find a competent translator, to be transferred to our language. Besides these there are two other novels from her pen, *Paquita* and *La Luz del*

*Tejo*. A few years since appeared, in a Madrid periodical, the *Semanario*, a series of letters written by her, giving an account of the impressions received in a journey from the Tagus to the Rhine, including a visit to England. Among the subjects on which she has written, is the idea, still warmly cherished in Spain, of uniting the entire peninsula under one government. In an ably conducted journal of Madrid, she has given accounts of the poetesses of Spain, her contemporaries, with extracts from their writings, and a kindly estimate of their respective merits.

Her biographer speaks of her activity and efficiency in charitable enterprises, her interest in the cause of education, her visits to the primary schools of Madrid, encouraging and rewarding the pupils, and her patronage of the *escuela de partulos*, or infant school, at Badajoz, established by a society in that city, with the design of improving the education of the laboring class.

It must have been not long after the publication of her poems, in 1852, that Carolina Coronado became the wife of an American gentleman, Mr. Horatio J. Perry, at one time our Secretary of Legation at the Court of Madrid, afterwards our *Chargé d'Affaires*, and now, in 1863, again Secretary of Legation. Amidst the duties of a wife

and mother, which she fulfils with exemplary fidelity and grace, she has not either forgotten or forsaken the literary pursuits which have given her so high a reputation.

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THE RUINS OF ITALICA.

The poems of the Spanish author, Francisco de Rioja, who lived in the first half of the seventeenth century, are few in number, but much esteemed. His ode on the Ruins of Italica is one of the most admired of these, but in the only collection of his poems which I have seen, it is said that the concluding stanza, in the original copy, was deemed so little worthy of the rest that it was purposely omitted in the publication. Italica was a city founded by the Romans in the South of Spain, the remains of which are still an object of interest.

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SELLA.

Sella is the name given by the Vulgate to one of the wives of Lamech, mentioned in the fourth chapter of the Book of Genesis, and called Zillah in the common English version of the Bible.



Page 150.

HOMER'S ODYSSEY, BOOK V., TRANSLATED.

It may be esteemed presumptuous in the author of this volume to attempt a translation of any part of Homer in blank verse after that of Cowper. It has always seemed to him, however, that Cowper's version had very great defects. The style of Homer is simple, and he has been praised for fire and rapidity of narrative. Does any body find these qualities in Cowper's Homer? If Cowper had rendered him into such English as he employed in his "Task," there would be no reason to complain; but in translating Homer he seems to have thought it necessary to use a different style from that of his original works. Almost every sentence is stiffened by some clumsy inversion; stately phrases are used when simpler ones were at hand, and would have rendered the meaning of the original better. The entire version has the appearance of being hammered out with great labor, and as a whole it is cold and constrained; scarce anything seems spontaneous; it is only now and then that the translator has caught the fervor of his author. Homer, of course, wrote in idiomatic Greek, and, in order to produce either a true copy of the original

or an agreeable poem, should have been translated into idiomatic English.

I am almost ashamed, after this censure of an author, whom, in the main, I admire so much as I do Cowper, to refer to my own translation of the Fifth Book of the Odyssey. I desire barely to say that I have endeavored to give the verses of the old Greek poet at least a simpler presentation in English, and one more conformable to the genius of our language.

T H E   E N D .















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